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THE SILENT WOOER.

BY G. P. G.

How can I speak to thee? The far blue sky
Hath never speech for men;
The longing breezes round thee flit, and then,
Unspeaking still, they die.

Like sky and breeze, I gaze, I murmur near,
Oh, must my heart be dumb?
And must my love like formless breezes come,
To sigh and perish here?

I cannot speak to thee; and yet in this
A last dear hope may be,
For I could tell my love's eternity
In one long, silent kiss.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AN attempt to intimidate the jury, to defeat the ends of justice," Mr. Price remarked to himself as he took his seat and saw the crowd of aristocratic and influential supporters around the pale, listless young man who formed the principal figure in that day's proceedings—"a class combination to screen the guilty person."

And the league made Mr. Price spiteful.

It was a hard battle, and the weight of circumstantial evidence, of implication, driven home by the Coroner's pointed questions, bore hard upon the unhappy young man, as he was only too conscious.

What could be the verdict of a jury, what the judgment even of his staunchest friends, when he himself, listening to the damning chain, could only search in vain through that unrecorded blank where his existence seemed all at once to have sunk into a black impenetrable abyss of horror and mystery, could only feel that, had it been another man in his place, he must have condemned him as guilty.

Could it be that some demon had taken possession of him, unwitting and unconsenting, and worked his wicked will upon him and through him?

It almost seemed to him, in the climax of his misery, as if the wild weird tales he had sometimes read of Satanic possession must be true, and that he had been the victim of some such delivery.

He sat with a stony despair in his wan eyes and on his pale brow, listening to the Coroner's questions and to the answers which seemed to drag him down deeper and deeper.

If one of those witnesses would but prove him mad!

He had come to such a pass that he would now thankfully accept what had seemed to him a little while ago an unmitigated horror.

He held his throbbing head between his hands.

Mr. Pierce touched him gently on the elbow.

"You are called," he said. "Nothing has transpired as yet to contradict our theory. Bear it in mind."

Sir James Armstrong offered his arm to the witness-box.

"Mr. Mervyn has not yet recovered; he is scarcely fit yet for this examination," he appealed to the Coroner.

"I must ask that he may be accommodated with a chair."

The request was granted. The young man, pale, haggard, and shaken, held up his anxious face to the crowd.

He might have been an affectionate son, shocked, grieved at a father's sudden and awful death, and prostrated by the shock he had himself sustained, or he might have been a guilty wretch, racked by remorse and trembling on the verge of detection. The sympathies of the bystanders fluctuated as his examination proceeded.

To the question "What was the cause of the dispute between yourself and the deceased?" he made the same reply as he had done to Mr. Pierce.

"Was it money-embarrassment?" the Coroner pressed.

"No," was the reply. "I decline to state what it was."

This reticence made an unfavorable impression. Coroner and juries are men, and being men, curious.

Baffled curiosity is apt to visit its disappointment upon the baffler. Mr. Price persuaded himself that he was only doing his duty and furthering the ends of justice when he particularly wished to know what the witness so particularly wished to keep to himself. He pressed the question, always with the same result.

Mr. Pierce bit his lip at this persistence.

"Why doesn't he tell them?" he said irritably to himself.

"Anything is better than creating a mystery—a second mystery—when the first is as much as we can deal with. A woman in the case, of course! There always is in every mischief."

But Mr. Mervyn stood firm. How could he drag Estelle's name into this scene? How could he hear it bandied from one careless mouth to another? Her image glided like a white angel into the hell of his mind and added a deeper depth to his despair. Between him and her a great gulf was opened.

In any other sorrow, in any other difficulty, he could have gone to her for sympathy, for strengthening, for consolation; but this terrible thing which had come upon him, he recognized with bitter despair, raised a barrier between them which nothing but the solving of the terrible problem could break down.

He might die, or go mad—which was the likelier thing of the two, but he would never bring Estelle to shame.

This thought was the heaviest blow which had fallen on him yet.

It seemed to paralyze his evidence and to annihilate what he had left of memory.

His own partisans looked grave when he stepped down from the witness-box and retired, still on Sir James' arm, to a sofa in the magistrate's private room.

"He has done his best to ruin us," Mr. Pierce told himself. "If the surgeon does not pull us through, it is all up. He has given his evidence like a man who suspects himself."

Mr. Cooper came gallantly to the rescue. The injury which his patient had received would entirely obliterate all memory of transactions immediately preceding the shock.

He had been present when Mr. Mervyn recognized the dead body of his father. He was then in a state of semi-consciousness, and immediately afterwards collapsed into total insensibility, in which condition he had remained until a week ago.

The double shock, physical and mental, following one upon the other, had produced a morbid condition of mind and a confusion of intellect which were not to be trusted.

Later on, as physical strength returned and the nervous system steadied itself, this morbid condition would pass and a clearer perception of past incidents supervene, although Mr. Cooper considered it extremely improbable that memory should be so completely restored as to supply the missing link of occurrences immediately preceding the original shock.

The surgeon also—guided thereto by Mr. Pierce's skilfully interpolated suggestions—emphatically declared that it was impossible that General Mervyn's assassin could have escaped without carrying with him traces of the crime he had committed.

Had the deceased met his death previously to his son's quitting him at the Woodford Station—Mr. Cooper met the implication boldly—the latter must have been betrayed at once by such evidence on his person.

Questioned as to the possibility of suicide, Mr. Cooper maintained his former opinion, that the deceased might have destroyed himself whilst in a condition of passionate excitement.

The General, as had been proved by previous witnesses, had, earlier in life suffered from sunstroke, the effects of which had remained with him and accounted for the frequent exhibition of uncontrollably violent temper to which he had been, as it appeared, subject.

The evidence of the station-master at Eppinford proved that the deceased gentleman had shown himself particularly excitable and irritable that day; and Mr. Mervyn had admitted that his father was violently angry in the course of their dispute.

General Mervyn's servant was then called. He admitted reluctantly—as a faithful adherant would—that his late master had sometimes indulged in fits of passion, that he was what you would call a hasty-tempered gentleman—many military gentlemen were—but he had never seen anything in him which would make him think he would lay hands on himself. The General did not, to his knowledge, carry a knife about him.

He could not very well have done so without his servant's knowledge.

It was possible—not likely, he should say, but possible—that the General might have had a knife in his possession at the time of his death without the man's knowing it. If the General had intended to commit suicide, he would no doubt have shot himself—it was "more military." The General had a six-chambered revolver which was always kept in his room.

It was in his portmanteau at the time of his death. The portmanteau was in his, the servant's, charge in another carriage.

The guard who had been in charge of the unfortunate train stated that at the moment of the accident he saw several passengers endeavoring to jump from the train—more than one certainly did so.

He did not remember seeing the deceased gentleman at Woodford: he did not remember seeing Mr. Mervyn leave his carriage there, nor did he remark any gentleman occupying a compartment alone.

The train was pretty full. It was quite possible for a person to pass from one carriage to another along the foot-board whilst the train—even an express—was in motion, although it would be a risky venture for an ordinary person not an official.

He had done it himself occasionally. He knew nothing of what occurred immediately after the accident, as he ran down the line to stop the 4.5 slow train from Stargate, which would be following them, and to get help from Woodford Station.

The police reported that a thorough search over the ground where the disaster had occurred had been instituted, but that no weapon had been discovered. And this ended the evidence.

The Coroner then summed up. He enlarged upon the well-known divergence of opinion in doctors, and cautioned the jury against pinning their faith on any one of these opinions.

The crime was a secret one, full of mystery—its discovery embarrassed by exceptional circumstances, which covered, as it were, the track.

There was only one person, so far as the evidence had gone, who had any motive for taking the life of the deceased gentleman. Robbery—a motive which had been suggested, and which obviously suggested itself, being the usual explanation of such murders—was doubtful, the valuables on the General's person, and even his money, having been found intact.

That the accident had cut short and frustrated the ulterior intentions of the murderer was suggested; the jury would judge how probable this explanation was.

There was one individual—putting aside the theory of robbery—against whom animus had been proved, and, whilst he must warn the jury against trusting too much to circumstantial evidence, he, the Coroner, must beg them to cast aside the natural horror which the suspicion of such a deed would evoke, and to do their duty in spite of feeling or sentiment.

"Good Heaven!" Sir James Armstrong, who had returned to the room, whispered to Mr. Pierce, having fidgeted uneasily on his seat throughout this exhortation. "Is this what the cad calls even-handed justice? He is almost telling them that the poor young fellow did it! I believe he'd like to hang him, as a sacrifice to the rampant, ravening god Radicalism. His grandfather was a poor, therefore he must have committed murder!"

Then the jury retired, and the friends of Tempest Mervyn waited in gloomy anxiety for their return. It was impossible to disguise from themselves the fact that the last impression had been adverse to the young man. What would be the issue?

* * * * * *

The jury had a great fight over the verdict.

They were locked up all day and could not agree.

Five of them were determined to bring in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Mr. Tempest Mervyn, four was as determined to bring in one of suicide; two jurymen, unaccustomed to weigh evidence and confused by conflicting propositions, were all abroad, and could arrive at no conclusion whatever.

The twelfth advanced a theory which was utterly scouted and ridiculed by his colleagues, that the mysterious deed was an act of revenge, committed by some person who had gained admittance to the deceased General after his son had left him at Woodford Station, taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him.

The advancer of this theory was utterly unable to support it by any shadow of evidence or probability, and, finding his proposition hang, like a castle seen through a mirage, utterly without foundations, he finally withdrew it and inclined to the side of those who believed in the suicide of the deceased.

The numbers being now equal, the battle raged high between these and the advocates of the criminal charge.

Messages passed between the jury and the Coroner: the day waned, the public waited with feverish impatience, the two non-committed jurymen held out. What was to be done?

The dinner-hour approached—that potent influence on Englishmen, and, for the matter of that, on men of all nationalities.

Hunger modified the divergence of the twelve as it tames the fiercest brutes. At last a glimmer of accord appeared.

The two neutrals gathered themselves together and saw their way to something; the wild theorist, his imagination subdued by starvation and ridicule, yielded entirely to a verdict which would, like a latitudinarian creed, embrace all shades of opinion.

The jury returned, and, amidst breathless excitement, their foreman, who had been the most rabid advocate of wilful murder amongst them, meek as a lamb, announced the verdict—"The deceased came by his death by being stabbed to the heart; but by whom the fatal wound was inflicted there is no evidence to show."

The applause which followed this decision reached to the room where Tempest

Mervyn waited, with his throbbing confused head between his hands.

Colonel Martin announced it to him, grasping his hand warmly as he did so. The young man hardly returned the pressure; his only words were, drawing a deep breath as he uttered them—

"Then they have not branded him with self-murder? I am grateful to them for that."

At the door of the hotel, as he passed out, his father's late servant was waiting. Tempest stopped a moment and spoke to him. The man saluted him eagerly.

"You were hurt, Vaughan?" he said kindly.

"Yes," replied the man; "but I am all right now, or soon shall be. If you should be wanting a servant, sir, I should be glad to serve you, having been in the family."

"You can come up to me at Sir James Armstrong's in the morning," Tempest answered. "And there is something to settle with you, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, a trifle; but it's not that, Mr. Mervyn."

"I dare say we can manage the other," the young gentleman answered, as he passed on, reflecting that the man had shown fidelity and respect for his father's name in the presence of strangers.

His own man was leaving him, and he had always liked Vaughan. And just at that crisis in his life there was something in the man's desire to serve him which touched him especially, something in his former connection with his father which made him glad to have him near him. And so it was settled, much to Vaughan's satisfaction.

At the priory the dressing-bell had rung; but the ladies still lingered in the large hall where afternoon tea was generally dispensed, loath to be out of the way when the gentleman returned with the news of the day's proceedings.

Sir James announced the verdict.

Lady Armstrong looked disappointed, as did the others.

"But it does not clear him entirely," the hostess said, when she and her husband were alone. "I hoped it would have been either suicide or our own supposition—murder, with a frustrated intention of robbery.

"This verdict leaves the poor young fellow still open to suspicion, it seems to me."

"It was the best we would get," Sir James answered; "but, as you say, it is not satisfactory.

"I wonder," he added musingly, "whether the knife will ever turn up? That is the missing link. It is strange how it has disappeared.

"If it should be found, it would be a triumphant settlement of the matter. In the meantime, all Mervyn's friends are satisfied—Colonel Martin and the rest; and the nine-days' wonder will soon die out."

"He is dreadfully knocked up," Lady Armstrong said. "I went to his room, but he was lying down, resting; and I would not disturb him.

"It is rather an awkward thing too. I don't know what to say to him. One can't congratulate a man on not having been accused in direct terms of murder; and yet that is what it amounts to."

"Don't say anything about it; treat him as you treat everybody else; don't make a lion of him," advised her husband.

"Of course not."

"I should like to know what their quarrel was about." Sir James, who had his share of curiosity too, said presently—"the thing he won't tell. He was firm enough about that. Some woman, I suspect."

"I like him for keeping her name out of it, whoever she may be," Lady Armstrong declared warmly.

"So do I; but he'd hardly do anything else," returned her husband.

"I wonder," Sir James called presently, through the open door of his dressing-room to his wife in the next apartment—"why the law does not recognize the irresponsibility of a man who kills another in a fit of what it calls temporary insanity, as well as that of a man who kills himself in the same state of mind? It seems to me the thing may work both way."

"James!" Lady Armstrong's startled voice came from the doorway. She was staring at her husband, consternation depicted on every feature of her face. "James! Then—then you think he did it?"

"I?" returned her husband, calmly continuing his occupation of fastening the gold stud in his collar.

"Nonsense, dame! Don't jump to such absurd conclusions, and don't, for Heaven's sake, give tongue to them! I believe—what everybody in this house believes"—significantly—"that the poor old General died by the hand of some thief who, I devoutly hope, got his deserts immediately afterwards and cheated the hangman."

"It is a dreadful affair," Lady Armstrong said shuddering.

"Yes, the circumstances are horrible. The old fellow was a tyrant, I believe, and his son has not so much to regret. He comes into a very handsome fortune by his father's death."

"Which will make it all the worse—for a time," said the lady.

"Yes," assented her husband, "for a time; but he'll get over it—men generally get over money. In the meantime we'll keep him here until we go to London and take care of him—eh, dame? He has got three months' sick-leave. He may pick up a good deal in that time."

* * * * *

"Charming! delicious! It is perfect—no, it is more than perfect!" cried Madame de Rougemont, looking from Monsieur de Grandvilliers's picture of the sweet, brave English maiden Dorothy Vernon to the living, breathing representation before her, complete in rough and farthingale, in satin stomacher and pearl-bound coif. "What freshness!" madame said to herself, with a half-envious sigh at the complexion of wild-rose tint, deepened just a shade now by excitement—at the ripe red lips, the exquisite Hebe-like glow of the innocent beauty, and the soft misty light of the secret madame failed to read.

She did wonder, as she scanned this beautiful Dorothy, what had happened to develope something—she could hardly tell what—of new and enchanting charm which surrounded her protegee like a halo.

"It is the touch of French grace and finish. Monsieur de Grandvilliers will be charmed at the success of his suggestion," thought madame. To Estelle she only said, "You are delightfully fresh, my dear. A young girl should always be fresh—that is your line at present. Later on you can be distinguished, spirituelle, splendid, if you will"—madame glanced complacently at the reflection of her own magnificent Pompadour figure in the nearest mirror—"but, while you are young, you must, before all things, be fresh.

"Do your best then to preserve that bloom, that naïveté, that—— I don't know what it is," madame said to herself, with a puzzled air again to her protegee—"that radiance," she concluded aloud, "which belongs to your youth."

Then madame received her fur-lined *sortie de bal* from the hands of Florine, and led the way to the carriage.

Madame de Beaupreto's salons were crowded with all the great world of Paris.

Princes and dukes jostled each other on the wide staircases, foreign ambassadors, literary celebrities, distinguished names of all nationalities, played their part in the grand pageant.

And among them all—the magnificent Cleopatras, ideal Marie Stuarts, Louis-Quatorze marquises, and stately ladies of every age and history—the lovely young English girl was conspicious.

Conspicious also was the homage of the Duc de Grandvilliers; and the delicate and significant compliment conveyed by his splendid Earl of Leicester costume was not overlooked.

A fine-looking man for his years although, well past middle age, rich, influential, and a widower, his choice of a second wife excited an immense amount of interest and discussion. Estelle herself, excited and amused by the splendid and novel scene—a fancy ball being, as it had happened, quite a new experience to her—was happily unconscious of what was being freely discussed around her.

"The English belle has made her mark, and it is a big one," remarked a sneering Mephistopheles to an innocent Neapolitan fisherman, whose wistful eyes, fixed on lovely Dorothy Vernon, told his secret all too plainly. "Come, cheer up, my friend; such prizes are not for us poor wretches; they are to be bought only at fabulous prices, and for such considerations as coronets, country-houses, titles, etc.—trifles quite beyond our poor deserts.

"As well sigh for the moon, or the presidential chair, or the throne of England, as for youth and beauty and a woman's heart, if you cannot pay the price, my dear fellow!"

"I felicitate you, madame," said a beautiful Marie-Antoinette, as she seated herself by the side of the Pompadour.

"You have the best part in Paris at the feet of your charming niece!"—speaking low, behind her fan, and glancing over to where Monsieur de Grandvilliers bent over Dorothy, seated on the other side of Madame de Rougemont.

"What a ravishing toilet is mademoiselle's to-night? It becomes her to perfection. One can see that Monsieur le Duc is completely devoted. Ah, madame, what a lovely Duchess we shall have!"

Marie-Antoinette's eyes were fixed, as she concluded, on the unique parure of emeralds and the sparkling riviere of diamonds which embellished the Pompadour costume.

Marie-Antoinette knew Madame de Rougemont's jewel-case by heart, and her quick French wit was at no loss to account for the superb addition to-night.

In the meantime Monsieur de Grandvilliers was paying his court in the manner which he knew to be most acceptable to its object.

"I too love your dear England," he was saying to sweet English Dorothy.

"I have been there, I, more than one time. Shall I tell you what has astonished me most of all there? It is the policemen and the—what do you call?—muffins. The policemen—they are so polite, so patient, so capable—it is astonishing! They are so calm, too, and so strong.

"Figure to yourself that one man—or two perhaps—in plain dark clothes, without arms or apparel to overawe the mob; and at a gesture, a sign, I have seen a whole crowd of English canaille held back by this one marvellous man!"

"It is our national respect for order," said Dorothy, smiling divinely at the praise of her beloved England.

"Yes," assented the Duke, "it is that you are a people of order.

"You have no revolutions in your country, no volcanoes, no earthquakes, such as distracts us others. You are calm—you adore order.

"That makes itself to be seen at once. From the railway, as I travel, I see all in order in your country—so well range. Your fields are cultivated; the corn, the pastures—nothing is left undone.

"Yet what has astonished me is, one never sees how it is done! Is it in the night that your laborers work, or is it perhaps by magic, by witch craft, that all makes itself in England, and makes itself so well?"

"Yes, it is magic," laughed Dorothy—"the magic of hard work, monsieur"—shaking her pretty coifed head.

She was at her ease with Monsieur de Grandvilliers this evening.

The suspicions she had of a special interest in his attentions were lulled to rest.

He conversed with her as he might have conversed with her aunt; he was agreeable, well-informed; and she was gratified by the partiality he declared for her dear native country.

She was off her guard; and, as he smiled at her sallies and the sensitive color came and went over the satin smoothness of her fair cheek, the lookers-on misjudged her, believing that she listened, well pleased, to the Duke's suit.

He flattered himself that he was making progress—and she had been hard to win, this coy English demoiselle. Monsieur de Grandvilliers was piqued and stimulated by difficulites which were a new experience to him.

She had adopted his suggestion for her dress; and Monsieur de Grandvilliers accepted this as a positive encouragement.

She had thought the matter so insignificant; besides, such suggestions were common conversation in her aunt's *salon*, when a fancy ball was in prospect.

She considered that she had left the decision of her character to Madame de Rougemont, too occupied with other thoughts and hopes to be very solicitous as to the result. Of course, now that the time had arrived, she was woman enough to be pleased with the result and young enough to enjoy the brilliant scene with its novel character and amusing incidents.

"If we can only get safely through this evening, I shall breathe freely," Madame de Rougemont said more than once to herself, seeing how near to fruition all her hopes concerning Monsieur de Grandvilliers evidently were.

"Monsieur le Duc once secured, the rest will follow. She will see how impossible this wretched affair is. I must tell her tomorrow before any one else has time to blurt it out. Then I will take her away until the first shock is over; it will be simple enough to announce that she is ill—that I am ill—anything—any one—that we need rest and quiet.

"We can hide ourselves somewhere for a time; the game is worth the candle. Then the whole thing will have blown over and Estelle, set free from that unlucky affair, will be ready to listen to Monsieur le Duc's proposals.

"Such a brilliant prospect will surely captivate her then, and a heart at the rebound. She will be ready for a new interest; and, the heart having once been disappointed, ambition will have all the better chance; that at least cannot be a failure," madame decided triumphantly as she rearranged her emeralds.

Her worldly heart beat anxiously as she saw Estelle dancing with one after another of their English acquaintances. The news was in all the English papers; the affair was making a great sensation in England. What so probable as that Estelle's partners should speak of it to her as one of the sensation-topics of the day? Several of them knew Mervyn personally, knew too that he was on madame's visiting-list, even if, as madame devoutly prayed, they knew nothing more. A touch might shatter at once the fragile fabric of madame's Alnaschar-like dream. The terrible story thus suddenly presented to Estelle, there would be a scene, an *esclandre*, which all madame's tact and *savoir faire* might not be able to hush up. Monsieur de Grandvilliers might be lost in the exposure.

Madame was troubled with anxiety as the hours, so heavily weighed with pleasure, passed on. At last the crowd began to thin a little; the evening was drawing to a close—without disaster, madame thought triumphantly, as she prepared to make her adieux to the hostess.

Where was Estelle? At the refreshment buffet probably.

Madame waited patiently for some minutes, and then she despatched one of her satellites in search of the missing Dorothy.

"Sir Charles has taken her for an ice or a cup of soup," madame said.

"I saw her with him for the last dance, and he is keeping her thoughtlessly away from me too long."

Sir Charles was an old married man, safe enough even for the more rigid code of French etiquette, but madame felt impatient. What might not Sir Charles be telling Estelle?

But Sir Charles was innocent of telling her anything. He had merely left her in a little entresol, cool and green with flowers and ferns, and a dropping fountain hidden in their midst—a sort of Arcadian bower through which they were passing on their way back to the ball-room.

Just as they reached this fragrant nook Estelle discovered that she had left her fan at the buffet, and Sir Charles hastened back to recover it, leaving Dorothy half hidden behind the spreading leaves of a large tropical fern, enjoying the coolness and fragrance and the softly-shaded lights shining dimly through green shadows.

She was alone in the apartment; the crowd had lessened. Through the draped portiere floated the sound of waltz-music, its minor key breathing a soft sadness underlying the gayer strain reaching to where Estelle was hidden amongst the foliage of her bower, with the soft light shimmering greenly through the fern-fronds, and the purling of the water making a liquid melody of accompaniment to the more distant sounds.

The young attaches, the one dressed as a Turk, the other in a rich Hungarian costume were leaning against the portiere just within the ball-room.

Their backs were towards Estelle, who was herself invisible. Their voices penetrated to her ears through the yearning harmony of the valse.

"Horrid nuisance for Mervyn!" the Turk was saying in a drawling, somewhat affected tone. "Some of those horrid Radical papers even pretend to say that he did it, you know. Most unpleasant sort of thing for a fellow!"

"Yes," said the other shortly.

"He comes into a swinging fortune by his father's death," remarked the Turk. "The old General kept a very tight hand on the purse-strings whilst he lived. It will be a great change for Mervyn."

"Yes; I hear he is awfully cut up—and no wonder!" said the other. "He was over here just before; in fact, he was on his way back from Paris when it happened."

"It was deucedly awkward. I wonder if it will ever be cleared up?"

"It's an unpleasant sort of thing to hang over a man all his life," answered his companion gravely.

"To a morbid sort of fellow I suppose it would be," responded the Turk. "But Mervyn will hardly let it crush him, I should say. His brother-officers stood by him splendidly; and he's the sort of fellow his friends will stand by. Capital good fellow always. I suppose he'll get married now. He was awfully hard hit with Miss Verney. I thought he meant it."

"Miss Verney flies at higher game, I fancy," his friend replied.

"Yes, I am afraid poor Mervyn is nowhere," answered the Turk. "The strawberry-leaves generally win the day in these cases."

At that moment Sir Charles Howard returned, fan in hand.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been so long; but one of the men had put the fan carefully away, and then put himself away. I had to hunt him up. Here is your property, Mistress Vernon, safe and sound. I am afraid you are tired." For, as Dorothy emerged from the green shadow, he saw that the rich bloom had faded from her cheeks, leaving her white as marble.

"Yes," she said faintly, "I am tired. My aunt will be looking for me, I am afraid."

The two attaches, each with a bow, moved aside as she passed, quite unconscious how near she had been to them and their conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lily's Lovers.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

CONFOUND him! I say, with his handsome face, his white hands, his diamonds, his smooth tongue; I'm morally certain that he's a rascal. But it would be useless to say a word against him to Lily.

"She's infatuated with him, and for that matter so is her mother."

And Walter Norton twisted the ends of his brown mustache in vexation.

He was standing upon the piazza of Mrs. Forester's boarding-house, in the twilight of an August evening, intently regarding two figures who walked along the white street on their way to the beach.

The gentleman was tall, slight, well-dressed, and elegant.

The girl was Lily Forester, whom Walter Norton had loved ever since he had known the meaning of the word.

"Confound his impudence! His lips almost touch her forehead every time he speaks to her.

"I wonder that she permits such behavior. And I thought she loved me. Ah well, if she prefers another I dare say I can bear it."

And Walter Norton lit a cigar and, in not the happiest of moods, strolled down in the direction of the beach.

Mrs. Forester, a widow lady, with an uncommonly pretty and attractive daughter, was proprietress of Bay View Cottage, so named from being situated on a rocky bluff overlooking the bay.

The latest arrival had been a handsome gentleman who styled himself Gerald St. Pierre.

He engaged the only room Mrs. Forester had vacant, and agreeably surprised the worthy lady by offering to pay for it more than the price she demanded.

His handsome person, his distinue manners, and his lavish display of wealth won the good opinion of the landlady at once.

As for Lily, bright, bewitching Lily Forester, her foolish little brain was quite turned by the very marked admiration and devoted attention of Mr. St. Pierre.

In her heart she loved Walter Norton, who had roamed the woods and fields with her when they were both children, long before Waveport had become the fashionable watering-place it now was.

But she was ambitious. And the fascinating Mr. St. Pierre was certainly handsomer than Walter, and his manners were perfectly charming.

Mr. Gerald St. Pierre came, saw Lily, thought her charming, perceived that she was vain and silly, and resolved to conquer the citadel of her affections.

The task was not difficult.

Mrs. Forester, delighted at the prospect of securing a rich son-in-law, was his staunch ally.

For Mr. St. Pierre claimed to possess a large fortune, and so lavish was he of his money that his word was not doubted.

But though the ladies, one and all, voted Mr. St. Pierre "nice" and "charming," the gentlemen, doubtless from envy, distrusted him.

Walter himself observed a rigid silence.

It was hard to see all his hopes crumbling to ruins; but he was proud, and he re-

solved that since Lily was faithless to her plighted word, she would never know the agony her conduct caused him.

But Walter spoke not a word of reproach to Lily, but bowed and spoke carelessly as if nothing had happened when he met her, and even attempted a feeble flirtation with Miss Larrabee, who in point of years might have been his mother.

Thus matters stood when one evening Lily appeared in the parlor with a magnificent solitaire diamond blazing upon her taper fore-finger, and it became an understood thing that she was engaged to Mr. St. Pierre and that the marriage would take place very soon.

About a week afterwards there was a new arrival at Bay View Cottage.

The new boarder was a lady, thin, faded, and forty-five.

She was richly and very youthfully dressed.

Her head was adorned with a profusion of golden hair, curls, puffs, and crimps, but grey hair would have better suited that thin, faded face, with its network of wrinkles.

A desperate but unsuccessful attempt had been made to conceal these wrinkles under a coating of rouge and powder.

The boarders were all in their places at table when Lily, flushed and happy, entered with her affianced.

Mr. St. Pierre was as usual gotten up regardless of expense, and perhaps it was not to be wondered at that the new arrival should regard him with such fixed attention.

But it certainly was rather a strange proceeding for her to leave her seat, walk over to the other side of the table, and, seizing the elegant Mr. St. Pierre by the shoulders, shake him violently.

"You villain?" she exclaimed, while her light blue eyes emitted sparks of angry fire. "What have you done with my money?"

At the sound of that angry voice Mr. St. Pierre quailed with fear.

"Miranda!" he gasped.

"Yes, Miranda! You wretch! you thief! you base deceiver!" she shrieked, without releasing her hold, and accompanying each word with a vigorous shake. "Where is the summer residence you were to buy with the twenty thousand dollars I was fool enough to put into your hands, three months ago?"

Meanwhile Lily sat speechless, her wine-brown eyes open in surprise.

"Mr. St. Clair," demanded Mrs. Forester "what is the meaning of this scene? Who is this lady?"

"His wife, madam," answered the lady herself; "his wife, whom he married and then deserted. Wretch, once more I ask you where is my money?"

"Miranda," said the gallant St. Pierre, in a tone of mingled vexation and embarrassment, "if you'll be so good as to unhand me and go with me to the parlor, I'll explain matters satisfactorily."

That he was able to do so may be inferred from the fact that the couple left Waveport together that afternoon.

For two days afterwards Lily was invisible; at least to the boarders.

When at last she did appear among them she looked as pale as her namesake among the flowers.

The boarders regarded her, some with curiosity, some with pity, and a few with malignant satisfaction.

These latter, I am sorry to confess, were of her own sex; the sex called the gentler.

As for Walter, he glanced once at her pale face, then turned his attention to the younger Miss Faber.

After tea the boarders dispersed, some to drive, some to ride, some to walk.

Walter strolled down to the beach, thinking of Lily, and trying to persuade himself that he felt for her no softer emotion than contempt.

Just at dusk he returned to the cottage, and seated himself on a corner of the piazza, in the shadow of a giant oleander tree.

While seated there he resolved that he would leave Waveport and far away, try to forget the face of her who had proved so unworthy.

And just then the sound of subdued sobbing was borne to his ears from the parlor.

A moment afterwards he heard these words, spoken in Mrs. Forester's voice.

"What! sitting here alone, crying and sobbing as if your heart would break. Really, I thought you had more spirit. If you will give way to your feelings in this way I advise you to retire to your room. It would be fun for Miss Larrabee, or Laura Faber either, to see you in tears."

"What do I care for Miss Larrabee or Laura Faber," he heard Lily say between her sobs, "or for any one else except Walter, and he—he despises me."

And again she sobbed.

"What if he does?" said the mother. "There are plenty who will not. You are very handsome. There is nothing to prevent you from making a brilliant match."

"A brilliant match," repeated Lily, in accents of scorn. "Don't talk of brilliant matches to me.

"You will get me off your hands soon enough, for I shall apply for a situation as governess or something of the sort; but I shall never marry, never, unless—but that is out of the question—I marry Walter Norton."

"You are a foolish girl," said Mrs. Forester; and then Walter heard the rustle of a dress and he knew that Lily was alone.

He sat silent for a few moments, struggling with contending emotions, love and pride.

The former won the day.

He rose from his seat, made his way into the parlor, and guided by the sound of subdued sobbing, to a corner where a little figure sat curled up on a sofa, her face hidden among the cushions.

He sat down on the sofa, threw an arm round the trembling figure, and said softly,

"Lily, darling!"

The effect of these two words was magical. The sobs ceased.

The tear-flushed face was lifted from among the sofa cushions.

"Oh Walter!" said a rapturous voice, "do you, can you forgive me?"

"A little while ago I thought I never could," said Walter, in a serious voice; "but sitting on the piazza, I heard you say that you loved me, and—well, the fact is, though you have treated me very badly indeed, Lily, still I hardly know how I could live without you."

"Oh, Walter!" said Lily. "I have been so miserable, so sorry, and ashamed. But now I am happy. Oh, I will be so good after this, you can't think. I will never flirt another bit as long as I live."

"After the way she has behaved the man is a fool!"

These words spoken by Miss Larrabee, expressed the universal sentiment of Bay View Cottage, when the renewal of the engagement between Walter and Lily became known.

Perhaps they were right, but then you see he loved her.

And I for one have faith to believe he will never repent his folly.

Selling Apples.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I AM Kate.

Of course I can tell my own adventures a deal better than any one can tell them for me.

Leeman had sprained his ankle—that's my brother—and he could not go to town with the load of russet apples that was already piled into barrels, and stood waiting under the big red shed.

"It's too bad," said he. "Those russet apples are worth a deal at this time of year, and we shall miss the market day."

"Leeman," said I, "I'll go."

"Nonsense," said Leeman.

"But why not?" said I. "Old Pomp is as gentle as a kitten, and I know every inch of the way."

"Lil, will you go out and help me harness early in the morning, and—"

"Oh, I wish I was going too. Can't I go, Kate?" cried Lil, my hoyden young sister, with her blue eyes glittering at the idea of anything unusual.

"Stuff!" cried I imperiously; "of course you can't. Hasn't Pomp a heavy load enough without your ninety pounds of mischief loaded on? Besides, you must stay at home and take care of mother and Leeman, and finish the chintz curtains for the big west chamber, for Colonel Hay may come at any time now."

Colonel Hay was our city boarder, a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh pine-scented breezes of the mountains, and whom our rector had recommended to the Ivy Spring Farm.

We were not rich, although mother and Leeman had managed the farm economically and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our income would be something worth considering.

So after a little I coaxed mother and Leeman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up before daybreak, harnessing old Pomp, and started on the day's journey.

I know where I was going to when I started.

I sold the six barrels of russets to the man who kept the "Park Hotel" for four dollars apiece, and that was more than Leeman himself anticipated.

"Be careful you don't get robbed now," said the man, as he watched me put the bills into my little leather portmonnaie.

"Robbed!" said I with a laugh. "Why, who should rob me?"

"Oh! I don't know," said the landlord. "There's always tramps and burglars around. They're a crop that don't belong to any particular season of the year."

As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back to me afterwards, as things do come back, like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

I colored a little, and started homewards.

The sunshine was warm and still on the high road, and I was rather glad when at last we came to the cool solitary shadows of the Red Swamp.

All at once old Pomp gave a sidewise start—his ancient idea of shying—and then I saw a man, pale, dusty, and tired-looking, sitting on a fallen log, just outside of the road.

I felt sorry for him.

I was like mother—who never would let the shabbiest or meanest-looking vagabond go past our house without a draught of milk, or a slice of her famous home-made bread-cake—and without stopping to think, I drew in old Pomp's rein.

"Are you going towards Lennox Cross Roads?" said I. "Yes? then jump in; I'm going in that direction too, and I'll give you a lift."

He thanked me in a silent drooping sort of way, and seated himself on the board at the back of the wagon, towards which I pointed with the handle of my whip.

"You look ill," said I.

"I am not ill," he said, with a smothered cough. "Only tired with my long walk, I didn't know it was so far to Lennox."

"I suppose you are going for work?" said I. "Deacon Brierly has a good many hands just now in his tobacco factory."

"No," said he; "I am not going to work."

I asked no more questions.

I did not like the idea of a man's shrouding himself in mystery in that sort of way; and as I glanced around once more, a sudden revelation came across me like a blaze of light.

It was the same man who had eyed me so keenly on the steps of the Park Hotel.

Then I remembered my mother's words of caution, Leeman's reiterated exhortations, the landlady's friendly words of warning.

And in spite of it all, I had deliberately thrust my silly head into the jaws of danger.

There was one thing remaining for me to do—to get out of the scrape as well as I could.

I cast about in my mind how to do this; and presently, with beating heart, I dropped a little paper parcel of blue ribbon into the road.

"Oh!" I cried, checking up Pomp, "I've dropped my parcel. "Would—would you mind getting out after it?"

"Not in the least," said the stranger, and he climbed laboriously out of the wagon.

He had scarcely set his feet on the ground before I laid the whip on old Pomp with a will, and rattled away over the long straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvelous to me and Pomp both.

So we left our passenger behind, in the middle of the Red Swamp.

I could see him standing there, blank and astounded, the sole figure in the long perspective, as I ventured to look back; but I only whipped Pomp the harder, and never let him bate his pace until we were well out of the Red Swamp.

"I've out-generaled him," said I to myself, "and I've saved Leeman's twenty-four dollars. I'm sorry about the blue ribbon; but it was only a yard and a quarter after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else."

They were delighted with my prowess when I related my adventure at home. Leeman declared I was a capital little market-woman; mother shuddered at the idea of the desperate tramp alone with me in the tangled wildernesses of the Red Swamp; Lil declared that I was a heroine.

"Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to drop the blue ribbon and send him after it?" said she.

"Kate was a goose ever to let him get into the wagon," said Leeman, knitting his brow.

"Kate mustn't go by herself such a long distance again," said mother.

And I drank my cup of tea, and rested myself, and went out afterwards to see the new brood of darling little yellow chicks, which old Speckle had brought off the nest during my absence.

I was on my knees in the hen-house feeding them with scalded meal from the palm of my hand, when I heard mother calling me from the house.

"Kate, Kate, come up at once; Colonel Hay has arrived."

"Colonel Hay?"

I started up, looking with blank dismay at my calico dress and the meal-stains on my hands.

However there was nothing for it but to obey the summons, so I went up to the house.

A sort of blur seemed to come before my eyes as I entered the sitting-room; and heard mother saying—

"Colonel Hay, this is my eldest daughter, Kate."

And then the blur cleared away, and I knew the man I had twice before see" that day—the pale tired traveler whom I had so recklessly abandoned in the middle of the Red Swamp.

"I—I beg pour pardon, Colonel Hay!" I cried out impulsively. "I thought you were a thief."

The burst of laughter that followed from every inmate in the room effectually scattered all embarrassment.

That was my adventure.

And Colonel Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind desertion of him.

In fact—this is quite private and confidential, mind—we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida to try the effects of a southern climate on his health.

That is all; isn't it enough?

DUELS IN GREENLAND.—The inhabitants of Greenland usually in settling their personal quarrels, never think of resorting to the sword or pistol, but adopt quite a different mode of satisfaction. The injured party takes his pen, ink, and paper, and composes a satire in which the moral or corporeal excellencies of his antagonist are properly celebrated, and recites it in his house and about his immediate neighborhood, until his domestics and neighbors are acquainted with each line and period. He then publicly challenges his rival to a keen encounter of their wits at some place and time designated, when and where he chants his invective with a drum accompanying, his family and acquaintance swelling the chorus, and joining in the most pungent and biting paragraphs. He hurls all sorts of epigrams and iambics against him, and endeavors to enlist the laughers on his side. When he is out of breath, the other party commences, and tries to turn the laugh against the challenger; his partisans are zealous in applauding his sallies, and encouraging him by their shouts; while either has got anything to say, the contest continues, and he who, by the majority of votes, has had the best of the wordy war, is declared to have received satisfaction for his wounded honor, and to have turned the tables upon his opponent.

"MR. DIGBY, will you take some of this butter?"—"Thank you, ma'm, I belong to the temperance society—can't take anything strong," replied Digby.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COLORS.—White, the emblem of innocence and purity; red, the color of passion; blue, constancy; green, hope; pink, love; violet, friendship; brown, indifference; black, death and despair.

OLD GROG.—The English Admiral Vernon—the same after whom Mount Vernon was named—was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the dock in a rough grogum cloak, and hence had obtained the name of "Old Grog" in the service.

SUPERSTITIOUS GREAT MEN.—Napoleon was said to be superstitious; Dr. Samuel Johnson also; Wallenstein kept his private astrologer; Sir Matthew Hale believed in witches sufficiently to burn a few wretched old women who were charged with riding through the air on broomsticks—but these things happened before men had recognized the reign of immutable law.

NINE DAYS WONDER.—Nine days wonder is a phrase applied to any circumstance or event which astonishes for the time, but is destined to be soon forgotten. *Origin:* This phrase comes nearer the truth than would at first sight appear—nine days being, in reality about the number which public excitement assigns to any remarkable event. The explanation is somewhat as follows. The first three days after amazement; the second three days, discussing the details; the third three days allowing the matter gradually to subside.

HERRING-SHOALS.—Herring-shoals are sometimes of prodigious extent—indeed eight or nine miles in length, two or three in breadth, with an unknown depth, are dimensions which are credibly asserted to be sometimes attained. In these shoals the fish are closely packed, like a flock of sheep straying slowly along a pasture, and it is probably quite safe to assume that there is at least one fish for every cubic foot of water occupied by the shoal. If this be so, every square mile of such a shoal, supposing it to be three fathoms deep, must contain over five hundred million herrings.

HEARING PLANTS GROW.—We learn that it is now possible to hear plants growing. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society an apparatus was shown in which the growing plant is connected with a disc having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly, and thus, on a scale fifty times magnified, denotes the progress of growth. Disc and indicator are metal, and, when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.

OLD TABLE MANNERS.—Persons formerly ate from wooden tables, without any species of cloth; but they took care to keep it polished. In later times it was covered with a skin which was finally replaced with a cloth of linen or cotton. Till the time of Charles V., napkins were hardly used in common society; the first came from Persia which country presented to the king one of great value. A napkin was cut with great ceremony before the place of a knight who had merited disgrace, and his plate was turned bottom upwards. The knight was then constrained to wash himself from the stain or show that he had been injured.

STRANGE BURIAL.—The mode of burial practiced by the Junanas an African people is curious. The body is wrapped in cloth, placed on a mat, and laid in a deep grave. It is then covered with earth, which must be fetched from the far interior of the forest. Upon a man's grave are laid his bow, arrows, and paddle; while at the interment of a woman, all that she possessed is thrown into the river. Some time after the burial, when nothing but the skeleton remains, the bones are taken up, placed in a bag, and hung up to the roof of the hut; so that in every dwelling which our travelers visited, they saw a package of these relics of the dead, suspended above the heads of the living.

TRUE BLUE.—The first assumption of this phrase was made by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken up by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was in a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter and the usage of the Hebrews, so distinguishing themselves. And thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer. They decorated their persons with ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue."

THE APACHES.—This is the pleasant picture of the Indian Mr. and Mrs. Apache drawn by a correspondent, who has been down to the scene of a late trouble in Arizona:—He cuts off the ears and nose of a prisoner while yet alive, and, throwing them on the coals, will allow them to become half broiled, and then thrust them in the mouth and down the throat of his victim. He will heat a piece of iron, and with this pierce the cheeks of a living man through and through and then let the instrument serve as a gag between the jaws of the horrified captive. Terrible as these tortures may appear, it is the squaw who exhibits a refinement of cruelty, of hellish depravity, that puts the male Apache to shame. She it is who invents new and startling devices for mutilation of the dead, and in their execution chuckles with feverish glee.

WOULD YOU MISS ME?

BY S. W. M'V.

If within my grave I lay,
  Would you miss me much?
Would you miss, with yearning pain,
  Answering voice and touch?
Would you wish that I could come
To you in your lonely room?

Would you miss the eyes which found
  Watching for you, sweet?
Would the coming home be drear,
  Which they could not greet?
Miss the hands that strove to be
Faithful in their ministry?

Would you miss me when the cares
  Of the day were o'er?
Would you sadly wish for me,
  By your side once more?
Miss the quiet talks which drew
Heart to heart in bonds more true?

Would you all my faults forgive,
  And forget them, too?
Just remember that my heart
  Faithful was and true?
That its love was all your own,
Full, entire, and yours alone.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THEN you are indeed happy, Miss Halloway," Sir Guy said, "if you can thus shut the door on the past, dwell in the present, and not look forward to the future, then indeed you may enjoy a negative kind of happiness. You know nothing of the heart which is tortured by memory; you know nothing of the fruitless, weary search after peace."

With a deep sigh, Sir Guy leaned his head on his hand, and gazed into the flickering flame; and Hilda's eyes were fixed sympathizingly on him. Did these two indeed comprehend each other's nature? Could Hilda dream of the aching void in his heart? or could he comprehend the one galling, bitter ever-open wound in her memory?—the thought of her mother's wrongs and her father's crimes? No, that knowledge was to come; yet there was sympathy, though each heart as yet veiled its true nature to the other.

At length, Sir Guy drew a long sigh, withdrew his gaze from the blazing fire, and met the tearful eyes of the young girl.

"Pardon me, Miss Halloway," he said; "I was wrong in striving thus to cloud your young heart, which has doubtless its own trials and sadness to bear. Sorrow comes early to some, late to others, but, surely to all. Even this sweet cherub has her griefs and sufferings. Heaven grant that they may not become greater, nor be less softened and guarded than they are now!"

As he spoke he bent over the sleeping child with tearful fondness, and then returned once more to his gloomy reverie.

"I have spoken freely, Miss Halloway," he said; "for I feel as if I had known you for long years, and that darling child is a link between us, besides that of our mutual loneliness. For, except that precious child, I have no real relative. Not a drop of my blood runs in any one's veins to my knowledge."

"Not in Mrs. Escourt's, nor her sister's?" said Hilda, in surprise.

"No, they are but cousins by courtesy," he replied. "Their mother was the sister of my stepmother. I am alone. Can you wonder that I prize the sole treasure thus left to me, and that I feel drawn to any one who loves her, and to whom I owe her life?"

He took Hilda's hand and pressed it to his lips, and the crimson came to both their expressive, handsome faces; his eyes met hers, and made them drop and sink beneath the fiery glance.

The next minute both started in involuntary and uncontrolled embarrassment.

Hilda gave a surpressed, faint cry, and Sir Guy's face flamed to the very temples; for, in the doorway, her pale face painfully contrasting with her glaring eyes, stood Florence, fixed and motionless.

"I am sorry to interrupt such a scene," she said; "but Elise sent me to inquire about Lina, and request you to come to tea, Sir Guy. Another time, it may be as well for my sake, if not for your own, to fasten the door on such tender, though not very decorous exhibitions."

The next moment Florence was gone.

* * * * * *

A week had passed since the night of the private theatricals at Mr. Delany's, a week of misery and sadness to more than one person.

Minnie Darrel had been lingering slowly on in the fearful delirium of the wasting fever, which her mental suffering rather than the severe bodily suffering from the terrible burns had occasioned.

Indeed, the night's catastrophe had rather brought to a crisis the agony of long weeks, had hastened, instead of occasioned, the long and dangerous illness under which she languished.

The wounds were not serious; thanks to the promptitude and bravery of her rescuer and had her heart and mind been fully at ease, she would soon have recovered from their effects with skilful care and nursing.

But the shock had paralysed a much-tried nervous system, and the fever that ensued was one of the most wasting and baffling kind.

"Who is this 'Jasper' that seems to be so constantly in her mind?" asked Dr. Whitmore of Madame Courton, the third day after the accident.

Jasper had always retired on the occasion of the doctor's visits.

He did not wish that Minnie's name should be brought into doubtful repute even with the grave and kindly physician.

"He is the gentleman who saved her life," replied the lady, and an old friend of hers and mine."

"Then he will be her best physician," said the doctor. "Let him be as much with her as possible.

The nervous system is so fearfully shattered that I cannot answer for the consequences unless the mind is kept quiet. It is no time for proprieties when life is at stake."

Madame Courton readily obeyed the doctor's fiat, and Jasper's voice was the one that had calmed the fevered brain to sleep; Jasper's hand gave her the medicines that were necessary for her; Jasper's presence was the one composing element that soothed the tossings of pain and fever into quiet, patient fortitude. At times there came from her lips murmurs that made him groan and turn away in uncontrolable pain.

"He loved her—the proud, beautiful one. Ah! Nora, Nora, you had all besides.

"Why steal him for me? My heart burned. No wonder the fire came—he had forgotten me. Poor Minnie!"

Such were her broken ejaculations, sometimes only half intelligible to the ear of her nurse, but ever comprehended by the tortured Jasper.

Was he always to be thus tried? Was all that he held dear to be torn from him? Was even the right to love, to think of, to mourn for the women he worshipped, to be denied him?

All was black in his young life. Father, friends, fortune, love, all torn from him? every source of happiness dried up—every element of misery mingled in his cup. And he was not yet four-and-twenty.

And what were Nora's feelings? Scarcely more enviable than Jasper's. Pride, love, sensitiveness, the injured feelings and womanly delicacy of the high-born maiden, admiring devotion of the genius and the enthusiast, all contended in her heart.

She loved—yes, she no longer denied it to herself—she loved Jasper Talbot, the unknown, the obscure, the mysterious stranger, the struggling author, the man whose very birth and origin were unknown to her.

And something told her that it was a lasting, unconquerable passion; not the sickly sentiment of a romantic girl, but the sympathy, the devotion, the confidence of the loving woman.

Would he come again, after that memorable night? He ought to have called. But no trace of his presence, his remembrance, not even a card left at the door, came to soothe her feelings.

Could it be that he had seen, and scorned her love, that he had deemed it unwomanly, forward, and wished to show her that it was indeed hopeless?

Then came juster thoughts, and she fancied that it was his high-souled nature, his lofty pride, that guided his self-denying absence.

He felt her too dear, she, the wealthy heiress, and he the poor author; and it was a noble pride, a just self-respect, that actuated him. Then one evening, some weeks after the theatricals, Lewis entered, with the air of "news" in his face.

"Why, Nora," said he, "have you heard what Jasper is about all this time? I thought he was hard at work, which kept him from me, and was going to rate him soundly for his pains, that he should give himself up in that style, and forget even the courtesies due to you, to say nothing of the friendship he feels, I really believe, for me. And now, lo and behold! I find that it is quite a different occupation that has engrossed the young Shakspeare—why, no less than making love to the beautiful Minnie, the young *Bertha* of 'Love's Revenge.' "You know, Nora, he saved her from being burnt to death, and has been chained to her side ever since; and, from what I hear, his very life seems bound up in her recovery."

"Minnie!" the name sounded so familiar to Nora's ears.

"Minnie," she repeated—"did you say Minnie, Lewis?"

"Yes, Minnie is her Christian name," he replied. "Don't you know that, Nora? Why, it has been in everybody's mouth.

"Minnie Darrell is the talk of the town just now, at least of the theatre-going town."

Nora stood bewildered. Old recollections, haunting memories, came over her. Minnie Darrell? Could it be the Minnie Darrell she had known and loved at school?

She remembered the beautiful, gifted girl, and her aspirations after artist life; her desire to maintain her widowed mother; her poverty, her loneliness which at times would vent itself in gentle but irrepressible complaints, during their companionship; and she recollected many a look and tone of the fair young creature that resembled her girl friend, though she scarcely could decide on the precise likeness between the delicate school-girl and the developed and self-possessed, though youthful actress. The lights, the dress, the lapse of three years, make such a difference.

Nora's lips turned pale with the sudden revelation.

It told her such a history of shame and suffering; it said that she had loved unsought, and even betrayed her love to one who was devoted to another, and that other her former friend, but now divided from her by such a gulf.

A bitter pang shot through her heart. She had been attributing such high motives to him; she had believed him self-denying, suffering, noble-minded, and pitied him in his lonely room, where nothing but toil and solitude and poverty could surround him in his visions.

Fool that she had been! He had been revelling in the sweet task of tending and watching one he loved.

Lewis saw the struggle. He guessed full well the secret that he had sometimes feared, sometimes hoped, might exist in his cousin's heart.

"Nora, my dear cousin," he said, drawing her affectionately to a seat, "I think I can see through this. Had you no foreshadowing—did no one warn you of Jasper's visits to the great actress, to whom he owed so much of his fame? It was there he met this girl; but I fear it is not his own happiness he has consulted in the step he has taken. Nora, you are no common woman, and I can read you sufficiently aright to think it will soothe you to believe that Jasper admired, reverenced, adored you, as a bright star, a fair vision, a queen of beauty, far beyond his right to love, or dream to wed. It is such a nature as yours that possesses real charms for him, and real safety for him. He is high-spirited, impetuous, but noble-hearted, and generous and gifted. He will be thrown away on that gentle girl, and she will be as unhappy as himself. Still for you, Nora, it is best—quite best. My dear cousin, it was impossible. He was poor, but then you had wealth; still his birth must have been equal to your own for you to think of giving your love to him, or your priceless self."

Lewis had spoken gently, quietly, and Nora had bowed her proud head, and listened as she was little wont, with quiet and submissive attention. But, her thoughts were far away. They were in a room whereon a couch lay a fair and suffering girl, and at her feet a speaking, earnest face, bent in anxious tenderness on her wan features. Her ears heard the murmured words of tenderness; her heart sickened as she contemplated the exquisite delight of those days of returning health to her envied but unconscious rival. But when Lewis spoke the last warning words, her self-possession and consciousness of present things returned.

"Lewis," she said, calmly, "if Jasper Talbot loved me, and I returned his love, I tell you that the accident of birth would not have weighed with me more than that of wealth in choosing him for the partner of my life. He will win a name nobler than ours, and I would have aided, and stimulated, and watched him in his aspirings, his efforts till at last he had fairly forced the honor and homage that are given so freely to the mere accidents of birth and wealth.

"No, never say those words again, Lewis; they are unjust to your own generous nature."

"Then I am right, Nora," said her cousin looking sadly at her. "You do cherish all the sentiments I dreaded for this ungrateful recreant."

"Is it possible, Lewis, to appreciate and admire all that is lofty and noble without any sentimental, unsought love being lavished on the person who wins that esteem?" said Nora, a tide of crimson flushing her pale face.

"I thought you knew me better than to believe I had such school-girl weakness."

"Well, at least I am sure I know my adopted sister well enough to trust in her conquest of any involuntary and natural sympathy with one who is scarcely fitted for my beautiful and gifted Nora," said Lewis.

"After all, Jasper has justified my opinion of him.

"He would not use my friendship, nor profit by his admission here to gain his own advancement.

"If he does love this fair Minnie, it is a far more natural and fitting marriage for him; and if not, why then—— But, after all, this is idle talking. There can be no motive but affection for his choice.

"I am told that she has a mother to support, and of course there is nothing outwardly attractive in such a connection for Jasper.

"And now, good-night, my cousin. Let the subject drop; and may it fade from your mind as completely as it will from my lips in future.

"It is a fortunate circumstance that the matter has gone no further, nor awakened any gossip in our circle."

He left the room, and Nora remained motionless for several minutes after his departure. Then she threw herself back in her chair, and thought, long and bitterly.

There had been struggles in her heart during her intercourse with Jasper—struggles between pride and love, and as every woman in her position must have felt.

But they were over now. No more hopes no fears—no more doubts whether the sacrifice she meditated was too great for her courage, and happiness, and self-respect; no more dreams of the felicity she meditated; no more attempts to realize the position in which either decision on her part would place her. The option had not been given to her. She had no merit in the sacrifice of love, nor in the deference to duty, to fancied or real obligations, to an adopted father's will, or an adopted brother's prayers.

No, all this was spared Nora; but with the cessation of the struggle came a dead, chill dreariness.

Not even the stimulus of self denial was hers; nor the merit, the consolation of such yielding to duty.

No, all was taken from her—even the poor comfort of thinking that he was to the full as wretched as herself.

It is far easier to relinquish than be relinquished; far more sweet to give up inclinations and happiness than to lie down calmly under their deprivation. And thus Nora found it, as she lay on her dreary, sleepless couch that night, and looked forth into the dark and apparently uneventful future.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE feverish delirium had passed away; the immediate danger was over. So said Dr. Whitmore; so said the experience and sense of the watchful nurse.

Minnie Darrell lay now in the half pleasant exhaustion of weakness and comparative freedom from pain—in the dozing, half conscious, delicious danger of convalescence; and the hired nurse sat beside her, while Jasper and Madame Courton were conversing in the adjoining chamber.

"Yes," said the lady, after a long silence, as if replying to some observation of her companion, "yes, I believe she is safe now. Heaven grant that her recovery may not be for evil rather than good!"

"What mean you?" said Jasper, sharply.

The lady was silent for a few minutes.

"May I speak frankly to you?" she said.

"I shall appreciate the candor," he replied.

"Then" she resumed, "I would ask you, Jasper Talbot, what are your feelings towards that poor girl? I have too much faith in you to suppose you would deliberately injure her."

A flush dyed Jasper's forehead, and he replied proudly:

"Madame Courton, I may have been reckless, rash—I am but a waif on this world's shore—but at least I can say that I am innocent of such wickedness as your words imply. Minnie Darrell is to me but a fair and cherished sister."

"I believe you, Jasper," said Madame Courton, laying her hand gently on his arm; "but, alas! neither human hearts nor the opinion of the world can be always controlled by our own intentions or feelings. Your own sense will tell you the construction that will be placed on the late events. Minnie Darrell is beautiful, fatherless, and unprotected. The tongues of many are busy with one in her position. So much for the public verdict; and for the rest, as a woman, I ask whether her innocent young heart has not been too transparent for you to doubt its real feelings. You will not be angry at my giving you this hint, Jasper?"

"You are a true friend," he said; "but I must think—I must think."

With a hasty farewell Jasper left the house, and it was two days ere he came again. He had sent a message of excuse and inquiry on the intervening one. Then he came. Minnie was sitting up now. She had been removed to a couch in the adjoining room, and lay on pillows, wrapped in one of Madame Courton's blue silk wrapping gowns, that gave a delicacy to her face and form. As Jasper entered, she held out her hand.

"I have never thanked you," she said, falteringly. "And yet I scarcely know whether it is best; only my poor mother——"

Jasper glanced round; they were alone. Madame Courton had left the room.

"What does this mean, my dear Minnie?" he said cheerily. "Surely you are not going to blame me for restoring you to life, you so young and lovely, and so——"

He stopped he could not say "loved." He was true; so honorably true was that son of Reginald Glanville. He therefore changed the words to "so admired."

The tears stole down Minnie's cheeks. She shivered in her warm wrapper, and Jasper gently drew a covering over her.

"Minnie, dearest Minnie! what is all this?" he said.

"Indeed you must not. We have not nursed you back to life for you to yield to such causeless agitation."

"I will try, for my mother's sake," she replied. "My poor mother; she must have missed me sadly."

"She has been well cared for, Minnie," said the young man. "But do you think she is only one that has missed you, or cared anxiously for your recovery?"

"Do you mean the crowd that my absence has deprived of their amusement?" she said, bitterly. "I believe it; but some one else can soon fill my place."

"But not fill it to those that love you; not to me, Minnie," said Jasper.

A rich, happy flush came on her delicate face; then she buried it in the pillow as if afraid to betray her gladness.

"You do but mean that you are playing on my credulity," she murmured; "I am not so vain and so foolish as to believe you."

"But you must, Minnie," he replied. "You must believe and reply to me. Tell me whether you will give me the life I have saved. Tell me whether you will be my wife, Minnie."

Oh how she started! The sudden touch of a galvanic battery could not have thrilled more completely through her frame; she dared not believe her own happiness.

"Then it was not true," she murmured. "You do not love Nora. You will not forget Minnie, whose life you saved.

"Not forget her?—not love Nora?" For the moment Jasper scarcely realized the singularity of her thus speaking of the rich and noble girl, so far above her in station; he only thought of the words, "Not love Nora!" Nora whom he worshiped with an almost idolatrous affection;—Nora, whose every word, every look, every tone had thrilled to his heart, and remained indelibly engraven there.

No, it was impossible to deny it; and yet he could not wound her heart—that artless, child-like, innocent heart—by avowing a sentiment that must give her such acute pain. So he evaded the question.

"Minnie," said he, "if you know Nora—Miss Norton, I mean—you must be aware that there can be nothing in common between us.

"Think no more of her; but tell me

whether you are content to trust your happiness to me."

"If I know Nora?" she repeated. "Ah, how her very name brings back old times, happy days.

"Ah, Nora, Nora, you little dream who Minnie Darrell is, or I know your generous nature would acknowledge her, and recall the old days of our friendship."

"Then you did know her?" said Jasper.

"Yes, in my school-days," replied Minnie; "but never mind. As you say, there can be nothing in common between the heiress and the poor actress. It is well as it is."

"Nor between the heiress and the author," said he. "You say well, Minnie. But it is different with us. There is sympathy between us—sympathy between the two isolated ones, the two favorites of an empty world, and yet outcasts from its love. They look down on the actress, Minnie, and they would scorn the author when they knew that he had no right to a name—a lawful name."

Minnie looked at him for a moment; then the truth came upon her innocent mind, and a crimson tide of shame and sympathy covered her face and neck.

It was the sympathy of a loving woman, the shame of a pure and innocent one, at the very idea of another's disgrace.

Yet it was sweet to think that he had sufferings that could make her love and sympathy dear to him.

"Dear Jasper," she murmured, timidly laying her hand on his arm.

"And can you, Minnie," said he, "forget the stigma that rests on me, and not fear to bear my name, nor to trust yourself to share my fortunes?"

"Fear? Oh Jasper, how can you ask me?" she murmured.

He wrapped the warm covering over her fragile form, and pressed his lips on her cheek.

"Then from henceforth we are united, Minnie," said he. "You are mine, and no curious tongues shall assail, nor applauding ones pain you. You will never tread the stage again, Minnie. My wife will be sacred to me alone. Only get well, and we will be happy yet."

The words sounded harsh and sad. Perhaps Minnie did not hear them; perhaps she would attribute them to the sad story of their past lives. Had she been able to read his noble, generous heart at that moment she would have died rather than give her troth. She would have seen that the image of another, proud and beautiful, rose up before his eyes, that the sound of another's voice was in his ears, that the words which bound him to her tolled the death knell of every hope, every dream, of all the cherished love for the idol of his boyhood. But in mercy such a revelation was denied to her. She only saw the beloved face. She only heard the sweet, honied words, the music of his voice, and all was forgotten, save that she was supremely happy.

When their mutual friend, the queenly actress, the beautiful Madame Courton, returned to the room, Minnie was lying in a happy trance; her hand in her lover's, her eyes closed, and her lips moving silently in happy and humble prayer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LOVE'S REVENGE" was again on the boards. It was to be the farewell performance of Minnie Darrell—the favorite young actress, whose career had been of such promise—and for the benefit of the young author, Jasper Talbot.

He had wished it otherwise; but for once Minnie was firm in her gentle will.

"Let me at least help you once more, Jasper," she said. "it is my only portion—my wedding-gift—this one evening's performances."

Jasper yielded, on the promise that it should be the last and only time of her appearance on the stage, and that the next morning should see her his wedded wife. And that night was a splendid finale to the young actress's career.

The knowledge of her accident, the report of her retirement from the stage, and the rumor of her approaching marriage, filled the house from pit to ceiling.

Nora Norton was there, and her cousin. She sat admiring the creation of her ci-devant lover's genius.

She watched, with recognising eyes, the pale, sweet face of the changed, but still perfectly remembered Minnie, and her soul sank within her.

Minnie looked so lovely, her face and mien were so child-like and fair, and appealing to every heart, that Nora, in bitter discontent, mentally contrasted it with her own dark, rich beauty. "He cannot but love her," she murmured; "he cannot but love one so sweet and gentle."

When the performance was over, Jasper was called before the curtain, and a storm of applause greeted the young author on his benefit night; and he stood there, bowing his thanks gracefully, gratefully, yet proudly, to the audience, while yet his eyes saw only one, and that was Nora, in all her regal beauty.

A few minutes more, and she folded her cloak round her, and rose to depart. Lewis Delany led her from the box, and placed her in the carriage that awaited her.

"One moment," he said. "I will return instantly."

Nora remained still and silent. Her eyes caught a well-known figure in the doorway of the house, speaking to her cousin; then both approached the carriage.

"Here, Nora, I have brought you a truant friend," said Lewis. "We must claim him to-night, for the last time. I told him we could take no excuse; and you will confirm my invitation, I am sure."

Nora's pride came to her aid. Her bow and tone were proudly kind.

"Mr. Talbot will scarcely doubt a welcome, Lewis," said Nora. "When were your friends ever without one in your uncle's house? Do come, Mr. Talbot."

A struggle had passed through the minds of both. Nora had striven to conquer her emotion, and Jasper to overcome his mistrust and pangs at the rencontre, under such different circumstances from those of their last parting.

But Minnie had bade him not attempt to come to her that evening, but to leave her alone, and free to think, on the eve of that memorable day; and then, for the last time he would have the right to enjoy the luxury of looking at and speaking to his love, without treason to another; so he yielded to that last indulgence, that strange, sweet, delicious suffering.

He entered the carriage; the horses drove rapidly off; and ere many minutes elapsed, in which few words passed between them, they were at Mr. Delany's door.

Nora's hand was cold as Jasper led her up the steps, and into the dining-room, where some refreshments were laid out. But she controlled her feelings and began to do the honors with accustomed graceful dignity.

The newest topics were discussed, the congratulation on the recent success offered and still no words of the approaching event that was to affect three lives.

And Jasper sat, tasting the full, sweet draught of love and happiness that the sight, and sounds, and familiar objects around him, held to his lips.

At length a servant entered and said. "If you please, Mr. Lewis, when you have finished supper my master would be glad to see you.

"He bade me tell you he wishes to speak to you about a letter."

"Excuse me, Jasper," said Lewis, "I will not be many minutes. It is some confounded begging petition or other, I don't doubt. I will not be long; but my good uncle can never sleep with anything on his mind."

Lewis left the room, and Jasper and Nora were alone. Jasper's eyes met Nora's, and then fell involuntarily.

A struggle had gone on in his heart ever since he entered the house.

"I should not have come," he had felt; but the temptation had been too strong.

"It can but affect myself," he thought. "Is it wrong to sun myself once more in the light of those radiant eyes, ere I go out into the cold world of darkness?" So he said, but his conscience told him he was wrong, even as he sat within the dwelling that he had never thought to enter again.

And now that they were alone the voice again spoke, in tones that would not be withstood—"Go hence. You are acting unkindly—dishonestly." He rose, and Nora looked anxiously at him.

"Will you not remain? You are pale—will you take some wine?" she said, anxiously. "You are ill—overdone."

"No, no," he said, arresting her hand, as it reached towards the decanter; "no, I am not ill. At least mine is not an ailment that physicians can cure. There are no potions for a sick heart; and mine is sick unto death—of the world, of myself, of everything. Nora," he continued, and his hand tightened on hers with a cold grasp, "Nora, I was mad to cross the threshold of this house to-night. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent here; but this hour is of all the most wretched. Oh, that I had never met you. And yet, what am I saying? It is folly, madness. Let me go! Why did you bring me here to torture me?"

Nora was herself now. His extreme agitation gave her calmness.

"No, Jasper, no," she said, and her voice was calm and sweet as she laid her hand on his arm, "you shall not go hence till you are calmer, stronger, and happier.

"Yes, if I read you right, the bitterest drop in your cup may yet be removed. Jasper, am I unmaidenly if I understand your words aright? Did you indeed love me, Jasper?"

"Love you! love you!" he repeated.

The words were quick, and his breath was short and labored.

"Are you mocking me, Miss Norton?" he said. "Do you wish to complete your triumph?"

"Jasper," said she, looking sadly and reproachfully at him, "you should have known me better. I did not once believe that you loved me, and I valued, I appreciated—nay, I will confess that I returned your love. But I was proud—I am proud still—but I had enough love in my heart to have conquered that pride; and if I ever wounded you—if I ever was false to you and myself—I confess my fault, and ask your pardon. But at least you shall not have the burning, rankling mortification of feeling that your love had been scorned, Jasper. It is not true."

Her proud voice was subdued, and her eyes melted into liquid softness, as she spoke.

"Stop, stop—say no more. I must not hear it. I might yet be false," said Jasper, his lips pale as ashes.

"I must not linger to hear such words, lest I lose mastery over myself. Nora, in a few hours I shall be the husband of another."

She sank down on the couch near her, her eyes gazing dull and sad on his. She had expected this, but not so soon; and it came so terribly home to her now! Then Jasper went on, his words coming rapidly from his compressed lips.

"Nora Norton," said he, "you must not, shall not despise me! Listen to my tale. A few weeks since I rescued from a terrible death a lovely girl, that same young actress whom you have seen this night for the last time.

"Nora, I pledge my word that at that moment I never intended aught but the common friendship between man and woman. I knew that she was good, and saw that she was lovely, but I never dreamed that she could think of me but as a friend, and I was cold and insensible to all but you, Nora. But then, in the illness that followed, the truth came out, all unconscious from her innocent lips.

"Do not think me a coxcomb, Nora, it was but too natural. She was alone, in grief, and I was kind to her.

"What could be more natural than that she should cling to me? And the world is censorious, and she is so young, and beautiful, and unprotected.

"You were as one lost, and inaccessible to me; and I, despairing, wretched, felt that at least I might rescue her from scandal and from desolate misery. Was it strange that I thus strove to shield and comfort her, though I knew well that I could never give her the true worship of my heart? Tell me, Nora Norton—was I right?"

Nora's eyes were moist, but she held out her hand.

"Jasper," said she, "the young girl you are going to make your wife was once my dearest friend; and it would be a pleasure to me if I could once more renew that girlish affection. But that cannot be—you and I know and feel that it cannot. But remember this—had you left that poor girl with a tarnished name, in sorrow, and desolation, and poverty, to mourn over her hopeless love, I would never have forgiven you. I am not ashamed now to confess how much I loved you. I can glory in it now. You are indeed worthy of my love; but I have affectionate relatives and wealth, and she has only you. It was right—fitting. I can think of you with pride and peace now. I shall ever watch you from afar; and if ever I can serve you or Minnie, remember that I am your truest friend."

"Nora Norton," he replied, "whatever of good you may hear of me in the future, remember that it is your work. May Heaven bless you! Farewell!"

He pressed his lips reverentially to the proffered hand, and went forth to the cold, drear world. At that hour he could not even think of Minnie. The present was Nora's—he was all hers then. From the morning's dawn he must chase her image from his heart, and henceforth devote himself to Minnie. It was like a landmark, a crisis in his life. He clung to the old life with tenacious and longing grasp; not sinfully, not murmuringly, but with that intense loving that makes the wrench so painful to a heart like his.

Poor Jasper! He was young and noble, and had such a devoted, deep-seated affection for the past, and all its dear associations; but from the hour that he stood at the altar with Minnie, the past must be as if it had not been.

On the morning of his bridal, Jasper rose as if a new existence was opening on him. His very look and manner was changed. The buoyancy of youth was quenched, and a loving, soft nature took its place. Minnie might wonder, but she could scarcely regret the change, as she stood beside him at the altar.

The manager kindly gave Minnie away, and Madame Courton was the only other attendant on the young bridal pair. Very strange and absent was that lady's manner, had her youthful *protege* been at leisure to notice it. Her face was pale and rigid, her voice low and suppressed, as she congratulated the fair young bride, and gazed on that handsome bridegroom. Her eyes were indeed seldom taken from his face during the marriage ceremony; and when the words came, "I require and charge you both," she leaned forward, and listened, as if she would catch the inward response of his heart, rather than the audible words; then she gave a long, deep-drawn sigh, and drew back to her former position.

The ceremony over, the little party returned to the apartments of their friend; but even then her strange demeanor continued.

Madame Courton sat down in her accustomed chair, her gaze still fixed on Jasper, as he sat with his young bride on the opposite couch.

Then the large tears gathered unbidden in her eyes, dropped faster and faster, while Jasper sprang to her side in affectionate alarm.

"Dearest madame, my true, kind friend!" said he, "what is it, what have I done to cause these tears, this grief? It is unlike you to yield to causeless depression, and unkind to conceal any sorrow from us."

Her tears continued to flow until her whole frame was shaken by hysterical sobs. Minnie then flew to her side in loving sympathy, and Jasper knelt, clasping her cold hands, and looking in her tear-stained face, with that tender look in his features that had so changed his expression. By degrees the passion died away; the strong nature asserted itself, and crushed back that agony and grief.

"It is nothing," she said, "nothing; only you are so like—so strangely like; and past days came up before me with those tones. Jasper, swear to me, by all you hold most sacred, that you will fulfil the vows you have taken on this day."

"I swear" said he drawing the slight form of his young wife towards him, "that from this day I will devote myself to her and her happiness, so long as our lives are spared."

The vow was spoken in the calm tone that told of sincerity and deep purpose.

"God bless you Jasper," she said.

"Your vow is heard in heaven. May He reward and bless you as you deal with this poor, friendless girl!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE long cold Winter and Spring were fast melting into summer; but to the pale, earnest, much-tried author, Jasper Talbot, they had passed rapidly, if not lightly.

He had removed out of London, and taken light and airy apartments at Croydon, where he could, quietly and undisturbed, carry on the toil on the produce of which they lived.

And there Minnie's graceful taste and skilful fingers gave a charm to the simple apartments that made them indeed look like home.

Her mother was placed with a kindly widow, more able to take charge of the blind invalid than was the delicate and tender daughter, whose very love unfitted her for the necessary restraint on the daily-growing infirmities of the sufferer.

And it was beautiful to watch the influence that her new interest and happiness exerted in arresting the progress of that fair young wife's malady, and in giving her strength and power to flit about the household tasks that were indeed a labor of love.

Since the night before her marriage Minnie had never trod the boards of a theatre. She had but to preside over the home that Jasper had given her, to bear his name, to arrange his books, to draw the curtains in the evening, place his dressing-gown and slippers by the fireside, bring the dainty tea-table near the fire; and then, as he lounged on the sofa exhausted with the day's mental toil, she would sit down at his side and sing her sweet songs, and look up in his face with a speaking tenderness.

And although the young husband could not give back such deep devotion as he had once yielded to another, yet he felt a tender, grateful affection for her.

It seemed to satisfy the gentle girl.

And such love and happiness seemed also to make her strong; but it was only for a brief season.

The Spring wrought a change.

Increasing lassitude enfeebled her steps; the hectic flush deepened on her cheeks; her eyes were brighter; and yet, with the common deception of her malady, she went on in her sweet hopefulness.

"Jasper," she said one night as she sat at his feet, his arm tenderly cast round her, "do you not see how strong I am getting? My cough is so much better, and my cheeks are like roses. If it were not for the little pain in my side I should be quite well."

He took her in his arms, exclaiming, "My dear wife, Heaven grant it."

How could he disturb that hopeful calm in her heart? Though while she spoke the conviction flashed on his mind that she was doomed.

And what were his feelings? Not the impious, cruel thought that he would soon be free—that Nora might yet be accessible to him.

No; he felt only the bitterest sorrow. He drew her closer to his heart, kissed her flushed cheek, and murmured words of tenderness in her ear. And she looked up at him with a sweet, bright look of gratitude.

"Do you indeed love me so much?" she asked.

"More than life, Minnie;" he replied.

"I am so happy, so very happy," she said. "It seems too much, Jasper. How can I repay it?"

"By getting well, and being very careful, my wife," was the reply.

Was he treacherous to her, or to his early passion, his deep love? Neither; but the love he cherished for that gentle creature was all distinct from the sympathy he felt for Nora. The one was his—his to cherish, and protect, and tend; a sweet, fragile flower, winning, and demanding all his tenderness and care; the other a noble, gifted woman, who at once gave life, and courage, and lofty aims, and brave principles to the man who gloried in loving her, and possessing her love. The two feelings were consistent, and they were strong, and powerful, in Jasper's bosom.

And how had the Winter passed with Nora?—with that proud, suffering heart, that rich, unhappy girl? Even as months, nay, years, have passed for others, who, like her, have suffered—in struggles, unceasing struggles, not to forget, but to conquer.

In after life the memory of that winter was very grateful to Nora, for she did not sit down, idly bewailing her disappointment—no, she strove by action to dispel, or rather profit by it.

"The Almighty has given me wealth," she said to herself. "He means me to use the blessing, not to mourn over the want of yet more precious gifts. There are hundreds in the outer world dying from suffering;" and she carried consolation forth to all within reach of her generous bounty; into the crowded, stifling dens of the great city, the alleys and lanes lying in shadows, did Nora find her way. She banished want, she soothed sorrow, she laid her hand on fevered brows, and held cooling draughts to parched lips; she led the innocent and neglected ones from the deserted homes of the poor, and placed them in comfort and in peace; and in these blessed labors she found rest. There was little excitement, but healthful occupation, in the life she led.

The sight of the real, bitter suffering of others, made her own trial seem lighter by the contrast.

Certainly Nora's noble, intense nature, could have found more real happiness in working for and tending one beloved, than in all the splendor and luxury that were her portion; but still, she dared not murmur when she saw the heavy burden laid on others, and compared it with her own. Was it for her to choose her especial trial?

The world wondered. Some sneered,

some pitied the infatuation, others thought it a new caprice, a temporary novelty.

Her adopted father at once wondered at and admired her new-born enthusiasm. Nora could scarcely do wrong in his eyes, and the dear old man was himself too charitable and too benevolent to quarrel with her labors. Yet even he scarcely comprehended the cause.

"Verily, I believe the girl is bewitched, Lewis," he said, playfully as they sat together after an unusually private dinner. "Why, if she had not a penny in the world, she could not work harder. What with her charity schools and her thousand-and-one ways of employment herself, I expect, some fine day, to find my liberty turned into a hospital or a nursery, and the drawing-room into an infant school. I say, Lewis, we must find her a husband to occupy her brains; we must not let her turn into a Sister of Charity before she is twenty."

Nora, however, only smiled quietly, and Lewis gravely assented.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Match-Making.

BY ANABEL GRAY.

I DECLARE to goodness, Robert," Miss Dorothy said, rubbing her nose in a way peculiar to herself, "I really don't know what you will do unless you get married yourself."

Robert Ackerman looked at his sister in mild remonstrance, as he said, in a gentle tone:

"Marry! I! You forget!"

Dorothy's face softened.

Under the daisies in the village cemetery, slept a little blue-eyed girl who had been betrothed to her brother eighteen long years before, and died one week before the wedding-day.

"It is so very long ago," she said apologetically.

"Yes," said her brother, "and I am too old to begin a new life. Forty-three in December, Dorothy."

"Well," said Miss Dorothy, tartly, "I am five years older, and I intend to marry John Sanderson in three months. Now, Robert," —this very coaxingly—"there is Martha Gaines."

"Don't trouble yourself to pick out my wife," he said; "I have no intention of marrying, and certainly no desire to marry Miss Gaines."

He left the breakfast-table as he spoke, and went to his study.

Miss Dorothy again rubbed her nose vigorously.

"Men are so unreasonable," she thought. "Robert must have someone to keep house for him when I go. And Martha Gaines is decidedly the best housekeeper in Meadowville."

The idea of Martha Gaines presiding over the china closet and linen chests that had been her life's delight, until Cupid came to win away the old maid's attention, became more and more agreeable to Dorothy as the morning wore away.

"I'll just give Martha a hint. Anyone can twist Robert round a finger if they only half try."

It was a speech founded upon long experience, for Dorothy had ruled with undisputed sway over her brother and his belongings for many long years.

They were people of position in Meadowville.

Their house was large, and well furnished in old-fashioned style.

With good servants well trained under her own severe discipline, ample means, and a brother who never found fault, Miss Dorothy's housekeeping had certainly had few thorns.

But when she consented to become the wife of the curate of Meadowville, the transfer of her power and privileges became a weighty burden. But one solution seemed possible.

Her brother must marry some steady middle-aged spinster, who would keep up the prim neatness and the hundred fussy details of Dorothy's domain.

Miss Martha Gaines, a vinegar-faced, sharp-voiced woman, of limited energy and temper, proved to be smilingly willing to take Dorothy's hints in good part.

Indeed, one word leading to another, they arranged trousseau, wedding, and bridal tour before they separated.

It had been a satisfactory afternoon to Dorothy, and she came home to tea in a placid frame of mind.

Her brother, after lunch, had found himself unequal to his usual afternoon's reading, and strolled down a shady lane in the direction of the church.

Was it his sister's suggestion that had so brought back to his memory the sweet baby face of his young betrothed, that he sought her grave, for of late years he had not been very often to the secluded corner where Susan Desmond slept, in the shade of a great oak tree.

He walked slowly, musingly, his eyes on the ground, till he was close to the grave. Then he looked up, and reeled back as if he would fall.

Close to the grave, one little hand resting on the marble head-stone, was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed in white, with a white straw hat that shaded Susie's great blue eyes.

Robert Ackerman felt as if he had lost his reason. His voice was hoarse and strained as he said:

"Who are you, child?"

"I am Susan Desmond," said a low, sweet voice. "It is the name on the stone here. That Susan Desmond was my aunt, who died when I was a baby. Papa thinks I look like her."

The explanation was given with a child-like frankness and simplicity, and gradually the suffocating throbs of Robert's heart became quiet, and his voice was natural and had its habitual gentleness, as he said, in a low tone:

"I knew your father well before he left Meadowville, and I know your aunt. Probably you may have heard of Robert Ackerman."

"Who was to have married Aunt Susan?" she said.

"Yes, dear child. You are like her—very much like her. Are you staying at Meadowville?"

"Yes. I have been ill. Not very, very ill; but"—and she gave a little gleeful laugh—"the doctor said I must go to the country, and not study so hard. So I am living with papa's cousin, Miss Martha Gaines."

"Ah, yes. Well, you must let me come to see you sometimes, for your father's sake."

"I shall be very glad to see you," said Susan, frankly, thinking this was the dearest old gentleman it had ever been her good fortune to meet.

He chatted with her some little time longer, and then walked with her to the gate of her cousin's cottage, but would not then go in.

"I will come and see you," he promised, as he left her.

But he said not a solitary word to Dorothy of this adventure, feeling that a sacred chord of memory had been touched, and shrinking from commonplace remarks upon it.

The next day Miss Dorothy went to the city to attend to her wedding purchases, and to visit a relative.

She left directions with her servants for Robert's comfort, and his heart was moved with a guilty disloyalty.

He was a man of sensitive refinement—a gentleman in the truest sense of the word; while his sister, without being vulgar, was what the Meadowvillians called a "stirring woman," full of life and bustle, of overflowing energy, and a decisive and incessant talker.

Miss Dorothy had been in the city but a few days when a letter from Meadowville filled her heart with elation.

It was signed "Martha Gaines," and that maiden wrote:

"Your brother comes over nearly every day. I suppose he's a little lonesome while you are away, and he usually stays to tea. I've got a lodger this summer—a daughter of a cousin of mine in the city. She's only a little girl, but she plays and sings, and your brother likes to hear it. He's very attentive, sends flowers and fruit, and brings books, though, between you and me, Dorothy, I'm no hand for books, nor never was.

"Still, Philip's little girl seems to like to read, and it keeps her out of mischief; girls are always in mischief."

Every week there came a long, exulting letter from Miss Gaines to her dear friend, Dorothy, until the time was drawing near for the elderly spinster's wedding. All her wedding garments were made, marked and neatly packed, when she received a letter from her brother:

"Wait until Wednesday, and I will be your escort to Meadowville."

This curt epistle had been written after a day of very great moment to Robert Ackerman.

He had gone quite early in the morning to the postoffice, and returning, passed the cottage of Miss Gaines.

He had sometimes loitered a little at that hour to chat with the ladies, as they trimmed the garden flowers, but on that day he paused and caught his breath, as an excited voice rang out upon the air—the voice of Miss Gaines, saying:

"You are an impudent little brat, and I'll send you home. The idea—how dare you set up to teach me how to treat my husband?"

A low, sweet voice answered:

"You need not be so angry. I only said Robert Ackerman deserved a wife who loved him."

"Fiddle-faddle—love! You sentimental school-girls talk such nonsense. Robert Ackerman is a mooning old bachelor who wants a wife to manage him and keep his house."

The sweet voice rang out sharper and clearer:

"Robert Ackerman is a noble, true gentleman, a man to honor—a man to love! And if he marries, he wants a wife to love him, to make his life glad and bright!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the astonished old maid.

"You think more this minute," continued Susan, "of his house, his money, his carriage, and his table-linen than you do of him."

"Well, suppose I do. Perhaps you would like to marry him yourself?" said Martha, snappishly.

"He would never think of such a thing; I am only an insignificant school-girl, to whom he is kind. But if I did marry him, it would be only for love, and not for his money."

Here the sweet voice broke into a sob, and Susan fled from the battle-field.

Robert Ackerman walked home very slowly.

For many weeks ever since that meeting in the cemetery, he had felt as if his lost love, the hope of his young manhood, had been restored to him.

Every hour's intercourse with Susan brought back the long-buried dream of happiness more vividly. But he had crushed down all hope.

Never could he link that bright, just-dawning life with his sad, memory-freighted one.

But this morning's experience gave him a new hope—a hope that made his breath come thickly, and his heart throb suffocatingly.

He could not bear such suspense long, and in the afternoon he wandered to a spot in the woods where Susan had often brought her needlework, and where Miss Martha's keen eyes had never fallen upon the two as they chatted by the hour, of books, travel, and so forth.

As he expected, he found Susan there, but she was pale and shy, had evidently been weeping, and shrank from him as she had never done before.

Very gently, very tenderly, he wooed the sweet, blue-eyed child, till her golden head rested on his breast, and then she whispered:

"I cannot imagine greater happiness than to be your wife."

Miss Dorothy Ackerman was all ready for Meadowville when her brother presented himself in the drawing-room of the house where she was visiting.

He surveyed the ancient garments in which she had arrayed herself for travel with such manifest disgust that it wakened in her indignant surprise.

"What are you looking at me in that way for?" she asked, sharply. "This dress is plenty good enough to spoil with dust. Come to look, you are wonderfully spruced up yourself. Why, your suit is new—new gloves, too!"

"I wish you to dress yourself handsomely, Dorothy," her brother said, quietly, "to attend my wedding."

"You can't be married till we get to Meadowville. Martha surely never came here with you."

"I told you some time since, Dorothy, that I had no intention of marrying Miss Gaines."

"Then who are you going to marry?" she queried.

"Susan Desmond."

Miss Dorothy simply stood and stared, with a creeping horror that her brother was going mad.

"She is Philip Desmond's daughter—my Susie's niece."

"Why, what are you talking about? Philip Desmond hasn't been married but ——"

"About twenty years. Susan is now eighteen, just the age of my dear dead darling."

Miss Dorothy had a soft place in her heart, hard as she seemed, and she had loved her brother's betrothed in that long ago when they were all young.

Her voice was subdued and gentle as she asked:

"Are you sure she loves you, Robert? She is very young."

"I know she loves me. Do not fear for my happiness, sister."

And Miss Dorothy meekly selected the richest costume from her trousseau to attend the wedding, stopping on her way to the church to buy a gift for her little sister-in-law, that proved both her good will and her generosity.

It was not until the party returned to Meadowville that Miss Gaines realized how vain a castle in the air she had built upon Miss Dorothy's match-making.

CURING A COLD.—A medical journal tells how one man was cured of a cold: He boiled a little wormwood and horehound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady, he took all these off with an oyster-knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard poultice instead. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose-oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill; and an aunt arrived about the same time with a bundle of sweet fern, which she made into tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, gave him two pills of her own manufacture, about the size of a walnut, and of similar shape, and two tablespoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea captain visiting in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of his neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a piece of flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now cured, and full of the deepest gratitude.

CODFISH.—We went out after codfish. It is a pleasant fish to catch. Catching codfish is like drawing water with a rope and bucket. It is a very gamey fish—after it is cured for the western market. Limburger cheese isn't much gamier. It keeps up a perennial smell that grows stronger and more decided as the years creep slowly by, Lorena. When the spring time comes, gentle Annie, the old codfish that hangs on a nail away back in the darkest corner of the cellar discounts the noisy onions piled up on the middle of the floor, and then it doesn't half try. The dryer it gets the louder it grows. You must be blind if you couldn't hear the flavor of a two-year-old codfish. But when he is new he is quiet, and you miss the old familiar bouquet.

TWO PICTURES.

MANY YEARS AGO, an Italian artist, while wandering through the streets of his native city, saw a little boy whose countenance bore a beauty so wondrously pure, that, in contemplating it, he forgot the troubles and anxieties thrust upon him by pecuniary embarrassments.

"How I should like to portray those features," soliloquized the artist. "Will you come to my studio, my little lad? I should like so much to paint your picture."

Most willingly the boy accompanied the painter and soon enjoyed the pretty sight of another little lad—his second self—smiling down upon him from the artist's easel.

The painter often sank his every thought in contemplation of the lovely picture. When the bitterness of life made him weary of living he needed but to lift his eyes to the beautiful picture that graced the wall of his studio, and its look of innocence and hope would drive the shadows of despair from out his heart and fill it with happiness. Many were the offers to buy the portrait of the lovely child; but the artist, though often in want, steadfastly refused to sell "his guardian angel," as he called him.

Years passed. Many times as he sat and gazed upon the blooming beauty of the face before him, the artist questioned himself as to the probable fate of the pretty child. "I would like to see him once again; would like see how he looks." He would say to himself, "I wonder if I would know him? Has he grown to be a man, good and true, or a knave—a ne'er do-well; or does he dwell in heaven?" And, once again the artist sauntered through the streets of his beautiful town, he came upon a youth whose features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, of a degradation so low, and an expression so diabolical, that its sight caused him to hem his steps. What a picture! "How I should like to sketch these features as a contrasting piece for the beautiful, pure innocence of the boy I portrayed years ago," said the artist to himself.

The youth having noticed the interest with which the artist scanned him, begged for money, for he was both a beggar and a thief.

"Come with me to my studio; let me paint your portrait, and I will pay what you demand."

The youth followed the artist. When the sketch had been completed, and he had hidden in his pockets what the artist gave him, the beggar turned to go.

As his gaze fell upon the picture of the little boy, he started as if stung by a serpent, while his eyes seemed riveted on the painting, he paled as if in death; it seemed as though he'd ask a question, but tears appeared to choke his utterance.

He pointed to the picture, and throwing himself down on his knees, he wept and wailed aloud.

"Man, man, what ails you?" asked the astonished painter.

"But twenty years ago you bid me come to you, as now, and then, as now, you portrayed me; see—yonder face was then—mine own! and now? You see me a wreck—a ruin—a human being, so degraded that all the pure, the good, will turn their faces in disgust!"

The astonished artist could hardly credit the testimony of his senses.

"But, tell me, man, whence this terrible change?"

The youth told his sad story: An only son and of great beauty; his parents spoiled him; bad companions taught him their vices; brothels and gambling dens became his home, until he had lost his all, and then—unable, or, rather, unwilling to work, and, as yet, ashamed to beg, he began to steal; caught in the act, he was thrown into prison; and then he went on to tell how each bad act appeared to contain the germ of another—appeared to create the desire! aye, the necessity to commit another and a worse one.

His story, as told by himself, sounded terrible and brought tears to the painter's eyes. He adjured the youth to give up his felonious career, and offered his assistance in so doing.

His kind endeavors came to late; sickness, the consequence of vice and dissipation, threw the unhappy youth upon a bed of pain. He died before he had an opportunity to prove the sincerity of repentence.

The artist placed his portrait by the side of that of the beautiful boy; and when his patrons asked him why he put so terrible a face beside another of such wondrous beauty, he answered sadly: "Between yon demon and yon angel, there are but twenty years of vice."

SHAVED IN SEVEN KINGDOMS.—A correspondent writes, I have been shaved in seven kingdoms and in six languages. They all perform the ceremony differently. I have seen no barber wash his victim's face since I landed at Glasgow. Prices vary. In London they charge a shilling (twenty-five cents) for a shave; in Naples they will for fifty centimes (ten cents), shave you, cut your hair, wash your face and hands, curl your eyebrows and wax your mustache till you look like Victor Emmanuel and can pass for a prince on any of the side streets. Recently I was shaved for ten centimes—about two American cents—but I took the balance out in garlic, of which I had a generous bath in the form of respiration. In Verona, the city of the loved and loving Juliet, the barber asked me if I would have my feet washed and my toe-nails cut. That, certainly, is going to extremes.

WHEAT is "thrashed" for the purpose of getting out the grain; a boy is "thrashed" to get out the chaff.

Our Young Folks.

NELLIE'S WARNING.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

HURRAH!" Nellie Dalton cried, tossing her French grammar across the schoolroom table. "No more lessons for a whole month. Isn't it jolly?"

"My dear," Miss Bertram, the governess, said gently, "how often have I told you not to use such words?"

"I can't help it," Nell cried, tumbling her hair over her eyes, "because it is jolly, Miss Bertram; only think, we're going to the seaside for a whole month, with no one but papa and mamma! We shall have such fun, sha'n't we, Dot?" turning to her little sister.

Dot nodded assent, and drew a deep breath of joyful anticipation; she enjoyed all Nell's adventures, shared her troubles, and followed in her footsteps blindly, but she was not either daring or mischievous herself, unless when led into it.

Miss Bertram often said that Nell Dalton should have been a boy, she was rough, and brave, and strong, so full of spirits, so easily excited by anything like danger; but few boys could ever have been so kind to Dot as Nell was, or taken such care of her through all her scrapes and adventures.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Nell, and Dot started for the seaside.

Miss Bertram went to her own home to see her mother, and the children's nurse had also a holiday, so that they were left very much to their own devices.

The place they went to was Bayfield, a little village on the south coast.

After a few days when she and Dot had raced and rambled up and down the shore, climbed into all the boats and examined them minutely, crept under those turned keel upwards for repair, studied the nets and the fishermen who made them, examined the lobster-pots and the shrimp-nets, and poked her curious little head into every possible corner, Nell began to find it a little dull, and glanced long and eagerly at the white cliffs again—up there surely she would find something new, and strange and pleasant.

After a prolonged stare she turned round suddenly and saw some one watching her closely.

He was an elderly man, with merry blue eyes and a pleasant smile, dressed in sailor's clothes, with his jacket off and his arms bare and brown.

Nellie put her hands behind her back, threw her head a little on one side, and drew near, just like a bright curious magpie.

The man was busy cutting a piece of wood, and there were ever so many curious tools scattered about him; he had fitted up a seat under the shelter of a large boat, and it was evidently his workshop, for pieces of timber were piled up close by, and all round were planes, chisels, saws, coils of rope, pots of paint, tar and brushes.

"Well my little ladies, what can I do for you," he said looking up good-humoredly.

"Please we want to watch you work," Nell replied drawing nearer confidently.

"Come and sit down here then, and tell me your names," he said; "I've watched you for several days, and I knew you would find me out at last—all the little folk find out Sam Fisherman!"

Nell nodded and settled herself comfortably amongst the paints and ropes. "Please tell us a story," she said, after a few minutes' silent study of his face. "I am sure you know lots."

"Ay, lots, indeed; but you haven't told me your name yet," Sam said, laying down his work.

"I'm Nelly Dalton, and this is my sister, Dot; Dorothy is her real name," Nell replied. "We're going to stay three weeks more, and we love stories. Is that a ship you are making?"

"Yes," Sam replied; "and if Miss Nelly and Miss Dot are very good, perhaps I shall let their dolls have a sail in her some day."

So they stood and watched him working but all the while Nellie was asking questions about the cliffs above them.

"I wonder why that little lady has such a hankering after climbing the cliffs," Sam said to himself, as soon as Nell and Dot were gone. "She's a brave bonnie lassie, but too daring, just like my poor Pollie," and he looked up at the cliffs and sighed deeply.

Sam was not in reality a fisherman, though they called him one. His business was to mend boats and sails, and when he was not engaged that way he made and mended toy boats for the strange children that came to Bayfield. Sometimes he took them out for a row in his little punt when their parents gave permission; he told them all about shells, and fish, and sea-weeds, put new handles to their spades, and wheels to their sand-barrows, and spun long yarns to them under the shelter of the boats when it was too hot to run about. Altogether Sam Fisherman was a great favorite with all the children who came to Bayfield, he was so kind and good-tempered, and had such stores of old knives, and nails, and wax, and twine, and odds and ends of all sorts. By the fisherman he was regarded almost as a prophet, he was so weather-wise, and knew so well the days it was safe to go a-fishing, and when it was wiser to stay at home.

Often strangers said to him, "Why haven't you a boat of your own, Sam?" but he would only shake his head sadly, and brush away a sudden tear from his merry blue eye, and then they knew that Sam had some sorrow connected with the sea.

The very next morning early, as he was going down to his workshop under the shelter of the old boat, he saw a little girl in a blue frock looking wistfully up at the tall, white cliff.

"That's Miss Nellie," he said, and he stood to watch her. There were great white birds up there flapping their wings, and Nell was gazing at them and longing to climb the sloping sides and get nearer to them.

"I'm sure it's not dangerous," she said to herself, "and I'm not a bit afraid;" and then she remembered her papa's words not to think of climbing them and turned away.

There were quantities of lovely bright blue little flowers about half-way up the hillside, and she thought how her mamma would admire them; and then the wild birds shrieked overhead, and flapped their wings, and the sea roared underneath angrily, and the white-crested waves sent up a shower of silvery spray. Altogether it was very tempting, and Nell would, I fear, have quite forgotten her promises hadn't Dot come running to call her in to breakfast.

After breakfast Dot got their dolls which were almost confirmed invalids, and away they both ran to the beach, where they found Sam, who was sitting at work finishing his little ship.

"So this young lady has damaged her face," he said, taking Nell's doll first, when the children were seated comfortably at his feet among the ropes and paint-pots. "Poor thing! she looks very badly, but I think a new pair of black eyebrows, and fresh lips and cheeks, will greatly improve her appearance;" and taking up a little brush he began to paint busily, while Nell looked on with very wide-open eyes.

Then he drove some cunning little wooden pegs into the stiff joints of Dot's dolly, and gave her a few touches of his paint-brush too, so that they both looked quite fresh and respectable; then he laid them carefully on one side to dry, promising if the next day was very fine, to send them both out for a sail in the new boat. "And now do my little friends still want to hear a story?" he asked.

"Yes, please, Sam; about the cliffs," Nell said, pressing closer, and upsetting a whole pot of paint.

"Ah, but you must be careful, or I sha'n't allow you to come so near my bench, Miss Nelly. I don't like to have my things upset; and see, now, you have soiled your pretty frock."

"Nell is always soiling herself," Dot put in; "mamma never minds now."

Sam shook his head in grave disapproval of such careless ways, and then laying his hard rough hand on Nell's soft little sunburned one, he began his story.

"A good many years ago, Miss Nellie, two little girls lived in Bayfield. One was just as old as you, and, like you, strong, and brave, and daring, always trying to be first in everything, and forgetting what was said to her in her excitement, when anything new entered her head. She had a sister, like Miss Dot there, with blue eyes and sunny hair, a gentle little girl who always followed her elder sister. Their names were Pollie and Hetty, and they lived in a little cottage not far from here. They were only poor ignorant children, who had no mother to watch over them, and their father was only a fisherman, who had to be out in his boat all day, and often all night, to find food for them; and every morning when he was leaving home, he would say, 'Pollie, take care of Hetty, and don't go near the cliffs,' and she would say, 'Yes, father;' but often before the day was half over she would forget all about his words and her own promise, and with her little sister by the hand go toiling up the cliff side, gathering the blue flowers, rolling down the green slopes, singing and laughing, without a single thought of danger; and wherever Pollie went Hetty would follow fearlessly.

"One day their father—far out in his boat—saw two little figures on the very brow of the cliff, and he was sadly frightened, for he knew how dangerous it was, and how often great pieces of the cliff crumbled away and fell down into the sea; and he knew, too, of the treacherous fissures in the sides over which the wild flowers hung and his heart ached, for Pollie was gay and thoughtless, and hardly ever looked where she was setting her feet. So he resolved to return home and punish his little girl so severely that she would never think of disobeying him again; but wind and tide were against him, and it was late at night before he landed.

"And as soon as he put his foot on shore he felt something had happened; the neighbors gathered round him with sad faces, and some were weeping, and all followed him home to his cottage. Outside the door he paused for a moment, and one old friend said to him, 'Sam, my lad, there's been an accident!'

"'Pollie! tell me, is it Pollie?" the father asked.

"'Worse than that,' the old fisherman said sadly. "The little one fell over the cliff, a great piece of the chalk gave way, and Pollie—brave lassie!—jumped down after her, hoping to save her, maybe, or to be with her, any way.'

"Then the father went into the house and saw his two children, the one lying still, and white, and silent, and little Pollie with terrible cuts and bruises on her head and face, and all her poor limbs wrenched and broken.

"For weeks she lay very ill, and when she began to recover, the doctor said she would never be straight or strong again. That's a long time ago, Miss Nellie, and Pollie is feeble and little, and crooked, unable to run about, and often cannot walk or leave her little couch by the window. She suffers very much sometimes, and she is never able to help her father, and all because she was a disobedient child, and did not heed her father's warning, and obey his commands."

Nell looked up suddenly, with her eyes full of tears.

"I'll never wish to go on the cliffs again, Sam," she whispered, "but I did want to, ever so."

"Then when you wish to go again, Miss Nellie, remember poor little Pollie. And now run home, and some day, perhaps, I'll take you to see her," Sam said, standing up and shaking himself, "and another time I'll tell you a pleasanter story."

"Please, Sam," Dot whispered, slipping her warm little hand into his hard rough one, "were Pollie and Hetty your little girls?"

"Ay, ay, Miss Dot," he replied sadly, "they were. I should not have troubled your little head with such matters, but the story was meant to be as a warning to Miss Nellie; and some other morning you shall have a pleasant story all to yourself. So now good-bye."

WON AGAIN.

BY MADGE.

THE supper bell was just ringing in the little Woodbine cottage, and Nora came downstairs at the very instant Jack opened the front door.

Nora was pretty, but she did not look pretty just then.

Her golden hair was all bunched up and tucked back with a comb, a few straggling ends loose and straight on each side, her wrapper unbelted, no collar on, and her small feet thrust into not very tidy slippers.

If there was anything Jack Ramsay disliked it was an untidy woman, and a half shade came over his face, for he remembered how trim and tidy Nora had always been, until the baby came.

But the shadow passed, and he greeted her with his usual smile, and his half-careless, half-affectionate—

"Hallos Nora! Busy to-day?"

"Yes. Hush, Jack! don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby."

"Oh, bother the baby! He's always asleep or just going, so a fellow never dares more than whisper. I'm glad supper is ready, I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Nora led the way to the neat table, and as they sat down, Jack said—

"I've got a treat for us, Nora."

"What is it?" asked Nora, with an air of much interest.

"I'll tell you when we have finished supper."

And as soon as supper was over, Jack drew two little pasteboard squares from his pocket, and held them up to her.

"What are they, Jack? Concert tickets? The Academy concert! Why, Jack, I can't go!"

"Why not, Nora? You have always wanted to hear Paropru, and you used to be so fond of music."

"Oh yes; but I can't leave the baby, Jack."

"Nora, don't you think Mary could rock him for two hours as well as you can?" says Jack seriously.

"But, Jack, the little darling might get sick, or something, and I should never get over it. Oh, I can't think about leaving him."

"Well, I'm sorry, for it's a disappointment to me."

"Why, you can go, I'm sure, Jack."

"No, I'll stay with you, and we'll have some music."

"But, Jack, I have to stay up in the nursery; I never trust baby to Mary in the evening."

"Oh well, then, I don't see why I shouldn't go and enjoy it if I can."

"Certainly, Jack, I want you to go."

But as Jack went away, Nora was conscious of a lonely feeling, and began to wish she had gone too.

As for Jack, he wondered if he ought to be ashamed of himself for wishing that blessed baby had never come, and feeling as if he wouldn't be very sorry to lose it.

To be sure, it was bright and pretty, and Jack would have loved it and been proud of it, but since it came, Nora had been no companion for him at all.

She was always occupied with baby, and she neglected her pretty hair, and wore untidy dresses, and Jack, who had taken so much pride in her beauty, sadly felt the change.

"Of course she is the most devoted mother in the world," he said, as he walked along, "but I wish the mother hadn't quite so entirely displaced the wife. I suppose it'll be better when baby gets bigger, but it's hard on a fellow now, and I don't like it very well."

Just then Jack ran against a passer-by, and when they spoke, found it was his cousin, Ned Meredith.

"I was coming up to you and Nora to go to the concert, Jack," said Ned. "Edna Fay is at our house, and we'll all go together."

"Is cousin Edna here too?" said Jack. "Well, I'm going, so I'll go up with you. Nora can't go. I got her a ticket, but she won't leave baby."

"Won't she? I'm sorry for that. Bella has set her heart on a family party to-night. But if she can't, she can't I reckon. So come on; it's time to be off."

They went on together, and of course, as Jack had two tickets, it wasn't worth while for Ned to get another for Miss Fay, who was a cousin to both the boys, over from Massachusetts.

So it fell out that Jack escorted Edna Fay to the concert, and if in the flashes of her sparkling black eyes and brilliant wit, he forgot Nora sitting with the baby at home, why there was no one to blame, unless it were Nora herself, for leaving her place to be filled by another."

Nora was in bed when Jack got home, and he did not disturb her, but at breakfast next morning he told her that Edna Fay had come, and would be in to call on her during the day.

"We must invite her to spend part of the time here, Nora," decided Jack. "If you can't spare time to entertain her, why I will, and we'll make it as pleasant as we can. We've got room enough, I suppose?"

"Ye-es," answered Nora, not altogether fancying the idea of that gay dashing girl for a visitor just now, when she had so much care.

"Then you invite her when she comes to call," Jack suggested.

"Very well," returned Nora slowly, thinking that as Miss Edna was Jack's cousin, she couldn't very well avoid it, yet wishing she needn't have her there.

"Why can't people stay at home as I do?" she reflected, as she went upstairs.

But as Miss Edna had no husband and baby to keep her at home, it was hardly to be expected she would refuse to go anywhere where amusement was to be had.

In the course of the morning Miss Fay called—pretty, finely dressed, chatty, and amusing, and laughing at Nora for settling down into an old woman so soon.

From her Nora learned that Jack had taken her to the concert, and that he had invited her out to ride that afternoon.

"I told him he ought to take you," said Miss Edna, "but he said you wouldn't go."

Somehow Nora's usual—"Oh no, I can't leave the baby," stopped on her tongue, and she only said—

"I couldn't to-day. Some other time I will."

She gave the invitation Jack had suggested, and Miss Fay consented to pass the next week with them.

Nora did not invite her to stay to dinner that day; and after Edna was gone, worried, ashamed of the old wrapper and untidy hair with which her visitor had caught her, fretted with a vague uneasiness which she would not acknowledge to herself, she went up to her favorite retreat, the nursery, and had a good cry.

Edna Fay was the very princess of little flirts, as Nora knew, and Jack had once been a fancy of hers.

Who knows what she might take a fancy to do now?

And what a fair chance she herself was giving the little siren to work her wiles.

"No! she shall not have my husband's heart!" cried Nora. "I've been to blame; I see it now more than a little, I fear. But I'll be so no longer. And now, my darling baby, you must be good, for you'll have to divide your empire with papa after this."

When Jack came home to supper, after his ride with his cousin Edna, it was the old Nora who met him in the hall, with nicely crimped hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for months.

"Why, Nora!" he cried, his face all aglow, "has anyone come? Are you going anywhere?"

"Yes, I thought if you would come with me, we would run round to Ned's this evening."

"But the—baby?" doubtingly.

"Will be left to Mary's care more than he has been," announced Nora firmly.

"Hallelujah!" cried Jack, throwing up his hat. "Nora, I'm the happiest fellow in town just now!"

"Well then, I'll take care to keep you so," averred Nora, blushing.

And so she did.

And Edna Fay found her spells of no avail, for Jack's wife had won him back again.

BLEST be the day when I began,
The Holman Pad to try;
It's altered all my inner man,
And drained my liver dry.

It is a bag of choicest herbs,
Emitting fragrant scent.
O! blessing on the learned man
Who did this Pad invent.

But to procure the greatest good,
Allow me to suggest,
You wear it on the stomach's pit,
And just below the chest.

This caution you should bear in mind,
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Have faith and patience for a while,
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Oh, reader! I would have you know,
It is a solemn fact,
I've used all sorts of remedies
To make my liver act.

The pills and potions I have tried
Have cost me no end of wealth;
And yet I am convinced of this,
They all impaired my health.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 26, 1881.

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IN GOOD CONDITION.

A rusty engine, a boat covered with barnacles, a rickety plow, a cranky windmill, a creaky water-wheel—each of these illustrates the condition of a mind that is not kept in order. It is impossible to get a fair amount of work out of either of them. Irregularity of action always indicates disorder or disease.

You cannot rely upon a pump that will sometimes bring water, and sometimes not. A man who works only when he feels like it, is apt, after awhile, to give up working altogether.

Those who accomplish much, do it by keeping their minds, and bodies too, in good condition.

It is a very bad thing to get in the way of working at haphazard—putting off to the last minute, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, when the inspiration may not come. No man is sure to succeed who has not fixed habits of labor.

When you come to associate a certain task with a certain hour in the day, it may be easier to work than it would be to lie idle.

There is a story of an old merchant, who, after he had retired from business, found it essential to his comfort that he should go to the counting-room every morning, and add up a few columns of figures and strike a balance in his ledger.

Whatever task is faithfully performed at the appointed time, however hard it may have been at first soon becomes comparatively easy, if not positively agreeable.

Want of thoroughness is charged upon our age as one of its peculiar defects. We are in a desperate hurry, and this leads us to slight our work. We are introducing labor-saving processes into the region of mind, when the labor itself, as a discipline, may be of more importance than anything else.

The more one does, the more he is able to do. The joints of the mind are wonderfully limbered by exercise. You begin your work reluctantly and with an effort—it is a task and a grievance—but it must be done, and so you address yourself to it with as good a grace as possible, and it soon grows easy and light—even pleasurable, and you may be sorry when it's over.

"How is this thing to be done?" asked John of his father. "By doing it," was the reply. No one can tell what he is capable of doing until he has buckled to his work, and stuck to it persistently. If the mind is for the time thrown off its balance by any petty troubles, the best way to bring it right is to go to work. Long intervals of inertia are fatal to the health and vigor of the mental powers.

Some of the grandest thoughts that ever electrified the world have come from the minds of those who, in the exercise of an indomitable will have lifted themselves up out of the deep to "soar in the empyrean."

The working capacity of the mind is obstructed by the intrusion of silly notions, absurd theories, and empty fancies, which the man mistakes for realities. Some of the most promising young men have come to nothing in this way.

It is also very injurious to allow the rooms of the mind to become choked with useless lumber—abundant knowledge of things that are not worth knowing, to the exclusion of that which is of real value.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE penal code of China decrees the decapitation of any foreigner who imports opium into that empire, and the strangulation of his assistants. The opium traffic continues, however, in spite of such severe punishment.

—

THE Citizens' Association of Chicago wants the public schools of that city to inculcate "a love of justice, a sacred regard for the truth, love of country, humanity and benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, chastity and moderation."

—

GERMANY has the most accommodating of postoffices. It daily transmits birds, beasts, and fishes, if of a harmless sort. A goose, unintelligibly directed, was lately put up at auction, when $875 was found under its left wing. The sender has not been found.

—

THE colnet of last summer has received proper attention from the Government of the Flowery Kingdom, the monarch and his court having accepted with becoming reverence the warning given by the erratic orb, and promised to exercise great circumspection over their personal and official deportment for the future.

—

ACCORDING to a Milanaise journal, the prefect of one of the first cities in Italy, who is a rich land-owner, has in this civilized age, resorted to a feudal custom, obliging his field laborers to wear an iron muzzle during the grape harvest, to prevent them from eating a few bunches of grapes. The fact was noticed last year, and yet the said prefect still represents the government.

—

A METHOD has been found of overcoming the ghastly whiteness of the electric light without the loss of power attendant upon the use of colored glass. Between the two carbons a small piece of marble is placed. The current passing directly from one carbon to the other makes the marble incandescent, and in that state it gives out a brilliant but mellow light, very much like sunlight. It is also claimed that the use of the marble effects an economy in the consumption of carbons.

—

THERE exists in France and Belgium the society of "Men of Letters." In France it is a chartered institution; every one of its members has a right to compensation for every line that he published every time that it is reproduced. For illustration. An article contributed to one of the Paris journals may be copied into fifty provincial papers. For every time it is thus copied the original writer, thanks to the society, receives a certain sum—so much a column, or so much a line. This system is possible only in a country where articles are signed, since in this country it would be impossible to keep track of the products of the different writers in a journal.

—

THE chicken-hatching machine in the late Paris Electrical Exhibition is an ordinary egg-hatching machine, in which the heat is regulated by a thermometer, the surface of the mercury in which, as it rises or falls, acts by electric wires and a magnet upon a ventilator, which opens as soon as the heat rises to 104°, and shuts when it begins to fall too low. It has been observed that machine-hatched chickens suffer from lonesomeness, and do not eat so well as those who hear a mother's constant voice; and so the ingenious proprietor of this machine is now constructing a telephone which will convey to his henless chicks, scattered in various cages about a meadow, the clucking of a central hen.

—

BANK of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each individual workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process, in the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be like any other in existence; consequently there never has been a duplicate bank note except by forgery. The stock of paid notes for seven years is said to amount to 94,000,000, and to fill 40,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would cover three miles in extent.

—

SOME interesting statistics of the ages at which girls are married in Germany have been collected. It is shown by them that the most favorable prospects last year existed at the ages of 26 and 27. Out of 1,000 girls 103 married at 26, and the same number at 27. This was the highest for any age. At 24 there were 102 married out of 1,000, and at 29, 95, while at 30 the number was 82. There were 53 married at 35, or more by 3 than at 19. At 40 no fewer than 46 were married. For ages below 26 the figures are as follows: At 19, 15 girls; at 21, 60; at 22, 90; at 23, 90, and at 25, 99. It thus appears that at 20 German girls have better chances than at 38, and that at 40 they are not involved in much more uncertainty than they were at 19, except that after 19 their chances become better, while after 40 they do not.

—

WHERE one person goes deliberately into wrong-doing, twenty drift into it for the want of a habit of attention. They know, in a loose and desultory way, what they ought and ought not to do, but, not having been accustomed to draw up their mental forces to the consideration of peculiar cases, or to direct their thoughts calmly and vigorously to review a past action, or to analyze a proposed one in the light of its moral quality, they suffer themselves to be driven by whatever happens to be the strongest power within, or the most persuasive influence from without. Thus, when desire for luxury, or passion for enjoyment, or ambition for applause has the upper hand, there is nothing to check its onward course. Or, if the will is feeble and the vital energy small, the strongest outside influence will win the day, and companions, or friends, or family will mould the life. Yet all the time the sober judgment of the man himself, were it but called upon, would condemn his course; and, if it could be brought to the front and kept in its proper place of authority, a downward career would be checked, and the steps which led to it retraced.

—

"AN OLD GENTLEMAN," in a Southern paper, says: "Do you suppose for one moment that a youth who is perhaps earning $25 or $35 a month, and who has had little or no experience in society, is fitted to become a husband? Why, the question is absurd, and does not admit of argument. On the other hand, is a schoolgirl, who has not yet tasted the pleasure that balls, parties and sociables alone can afford, fitted to shoulder the responsibilities of a mother? Children who want to get married are crazy, and they should be treated like crazy people. My plan is for every State in the Union to be provided with a love asylum, officered by efficient and honorable persons selected by the Governor. The asylums should be sustained by taxation. When young people are determined to marry, one or both of them should be confined in the asylum until they have entirely recovered from the determination."

—

THERE is good reason for believing that the heretofore despised banjo is to be elevated to the first rank as a musical instrument. Some one has discovered that it is of very ancient origin, and of course this is much in its favor, as many persons delight in anything that is associated with antiquity. A relic-hunter in Egypt found, or says that he found, in the tomb of a royal family, in one of the oldest pyramids, a banjo of the exact form of those played by plantation darkies. In his opinion the ancient Pharoahs delighted in the sweet sounds produced by the banjo, which constituted the favorite music of the country which has been called the cradle of civilization. It is easy to account for the introduction of the banjo into this country. It was brought by the negroes from Egypt by the way of Ethiopia. Many people will now admire the banjo who despised it when it was thought to be the invention of the negro barbarian.

—

THE number of higher arithmetics required in the public schools of the United States is 1,720,000; arithmetics lower, 3,750,000; algebras, 500,000; copy-books, 15,000,000; composition-books, 1,000,000; astronomies, 750,000; book-keeping, 500,000; etymologies, 500,000; geographies, 5,000,000; grammars, 3,000,000; histories, 3,000,000; natural philosophies, 500,000; readers, 5,000,000; spellers and definers, 2,500,000. The annual cost of school-books to the users is $5,000,000. As most persons are aware, the change of text books goes on continually, else publishers would have no business. As soon as the pupil is fairly grounded in one arithmetic, some one discovers that the pupils will go astray if the book is longer in use, and a new book is introduced. This takes its turn to go out as soon as another has been invented to take its place. There are arithmetics collecting dust, and sold for old junk, out of which a pupil who studied to learn could get as much as from the latest publication. It is not in the book, but in the pupil. In fact, there are old arithmetics, in the opinion of educators, superior to those now in use.

—

PALMER, of Chicago, being convinced that there are good positions in hotels which women can fit better than men, has made the experiment. He says: "We concluded to offer such a salary as would command the best talent. Of course this was flying in the face of prejudice of a large class of excellent people, who do not believe that ladies should be employed in public capacities at all. The success of our experiment has shown the fallacy of that theory. At present we give employment to three ladies in our office; two of them are cashiers, and one book-keeper. To one of these ladies at the cashier's desk we pay $1,000 a year and board, to another $900 a year and board, and to our book-keeper we pay $900 and board. If they choose to stay away from the hotel we give them an additional allowance of $500 a year. These salaries look big for ladies, but they have the talent, they do the work, and we are much better satisfied than we were with our male employes. Of course we cannot make room-clerks of ladies, but the trial that we have made has been so satisfactory that wherever they may be properly employed in the Palmer House we shall substitute them for men."

ADRIFT.

BY E. H.

I lie in a drifting boat;
My love stands on the shore:
With the ebbing tide I float, and float,
And that golden strand groweth more remote,
For I have nor sail, nor oar.

Alas! for the broken life:
For the well-nigh broken heart:
For the smiling Fate, more cruel than strife,
That marks its malice, my love—my wife—
As it sets us far apart.

Only the lap of the wave,
The roar of the distant surge,
The sight of a watcher—patient, brave,
Watching me drift to a nameless grave,
While the seagulls scream a dirge.

So the distance grows space,
And the darkness soon will fall;
I have but the thought of my darling's face,
And a hope that somewhere, far in space,
Her God o'errules it all.

"Twitters."

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT for worlds, however, would she have betrayed the latter feeling; and the nun, too used to war and its horrors to guess at her young companion's emotions, mounted into the cart again, and departed with a mind at rest.

For a minute or two Twitters sat still, murmuring to herself a little childish prayer for guidance and self-possession; and then the cry of "Water! Water!" from half a dozen fevered throats obliged her to lay her patient's head on a pillow hastily improvised of her own cloak; and to repair from one to another of the other wounded, giving them the drink they so eagerly craved.

Not one of them seemed the better for it. Not one but moaned, "More, more!" as she turned from him to his neighbor.

One clutched her arm in his burning hand, and fairly pulled her on to her knees in the effort to retain her beside him.

Another rolled over on his face in agony, making the walls echo with his groans; while a third, a long-haired young German, with wild light eyes, implored her in the most moving language to put a knife in his heart and so terminate his sufferings.

From one to another she went for nearly an hour and a quarter, patient, tender, trembling with fear and pity, but unable to sit down or even pause to reflect for a single moment, and beginning at last to count the minutes till Sister Gertrude's return.

The only one who never cried out, who never asked her for anything, but lay silent, motionless, and apparently sinking fast, was the poor French sergeant.

Whenever Twitters could she returned to him, smoothed his pillow, gave him drink, and did all that lay in her power—little enough in truth—to alleviate his mortal sufferings.

He seemed so weak as to be barely conscious; but whenever she did anything for him his pale lips moved with the faint "Merci, m'demoiselle," which seemed to come almost mechanically; and once when she was trying vainly to raise him on her weak girlish arm, that he might swallow more easily, he made shift to kiss the soft little hand which held the cup to his lips, and murmur: "Don't disturb yourself Mademoiselle. It will soon be over."

Had all her patients been like the gentle sergeant, Twitters might have fared better; but among eight soldiers some must be hard to deal with, and one great Dutch clown, who had never known severe pain before, howled like a wild animal; while another abused her coarsely for not paying him more attention, until Twitters, frightened by the noise they made, and only half understanding their words, devoted herself to them so sedulously, that one of her quieter patients nearly died meanwhile for want of a little brandy; and it was only by unremitting care and attention for nearly ten minutes, during which tears of fright and self reproach poured down Twitters' cheek, that he began to revive, and by and by was even able to thank her in a weak guttural whisper.

But the poor child's great trial was yet to come—a trial before which the other experiences of the past hour and a half faded into nothing.

The wild-eyed German student, having exhausted all his entreaties that she should put an end to his life, had for some time lain quiet enough save for a faint moaning.

Presently, however, he called her, and in broken English, so as to better ensure her understanding him, asked her to untie a bandage on his arm, averring that it hurt him.

He spoke very quietly, and Twitters, who did not know the nature of his wounds, was about to comply, when the thought came over her to ask:

"Are you sure, friend, it will not hurt you more to do so? It looks as if the doctor had fastened it so very carefully."

"Ah! dat not vas de Doctor. Dat vas de Seester' and she is ver careful; but she not know well how.

"See, mein Fraulein, eet is not bad hurt, only one scorch bruise; but these ties they fever it so tight.

"Weel you not have kindness to loose dem?

"I was student of medicine myself in Berlin, an' know well all dese things."

Thus assured, Twitters did not hesitate any longer, but, as well as the dim light of the cabin permitted, proceeded to unroll the bandage.

She had undone the fastenings, and taken a few turns, when he put up his other hand to help her, begging her at the same time to throw his cloak over him.

She complied, and had just turned away for a minute to answer a piteous cry from one of the others, when she heard the student say, with a weird smile on his ashen face.

"I sank you, leetle Fraulein. You ave done all I so weeshed. I die quick now."

In an agony of fear and apprehension, Twitters tore the cloak from the wounded man, and in one glance saw the extent of the mischief she had so unwittingly done.

The bandage, so carefully fastened, had concealed a wounded artery, and he was already lying in a crimson pool of his own blood.

Before Twitters' nervous fingers had more than half achieved the lesson, only once or twice before practiced at Strasbourg, all necessity for doing so was over.

The man had bled to death.

Then it seemed to Twitters as if her reason were giving way altogher.

She gazed for one moment at the stiffening corpse, whose gray features were still horribly irradiated by the mocking smile which had played on them in his last moments; then clasped her hands wildly together, and broke into a loud fit of hysterical weeping.

Her hands, hers arms, her sleeves, the front of her dress, were all deeply stained with blood.

There was blood on the floor, blood on the walls, blood on every side of her. She seemed to see nothing, breathe nothing, but the same ensanguined fluid.

The very sky, peeping through a hole in the wall, wore a crimson stain in her eyes; and like a weight on her soul rested that same stain, drying it through and through.

In an agony of despair, before which even the wounded men held their peace, the unhappy girl flung herself on the ground, weeping, sobbing, almost strangling with the same hysterical wail repeated over and over again, "I have killed him!

"I have killed him!" till it seemed as if her girlish figure were being fairly torn in pieces by the violence of the emotion which convulsed it.

In his kindly effort at consolation, the sergeant stretched out his cold hand and strove to pat the prostrate girl on the shoulder; but Twitters never lifted her head, though her pitiful cry sounded more feeble; and the exertion, slight as it was, had exhausted the poor sergeant's little strength.

When he next spoke it was in a strange guttural whisper.

"For pity's sake Madem'selle give me some water.

Something in the tone roused Twitters from her abandonment of despair. She staggered to her feet, and, still sobbing, mixed a little brandy and water and held it to the man's lips; but though he tried to swallow, tried again, it was in vain, and he put it from him.

Then, seeing dimly the hopeless anguish in the girl's white face, he strove to press her hand and turning his head soas to lean it on her shoulder, stretched out his limbs in one long shivering spasm and died.

When, five minutes later, Sister Gertrude with Miss Curtis and a young Englishman belonging to the Geneva corps, appeared on the scene with a cart full of bedding and comforts for the wounded, they found Twitters seated on the floor between the two dead men, with the sergeant's head on her bosom, and repeating with dreary monotony, "I have killed him! I have killed him!"

CHAPTER IX.

FOR more than a week after the day recorded in our last chapter Amy Travers lay on a bed of fever and sickness, watched over and carefully tended by Miss Curtis, who hardly left her day or night. Little did the good spinster think when she arrived at Metz that the principal nursing she was to do there would be for her young companion; but so it was.

"Man proposes, but God disposes;" and for two or three days life and death hung so evenly in the balance with our little travellers, that Miss Curtis was fairly distracted lest she might have to return to England alone, and meet Mrs. Wyndham's reproachful gaze with the tidings of her favorite's death.

Over and over again she reproached herself for ever having allowed Twitters to accompany her to France, and registered repeated if silent vows that should the girl recover, she would lose no time in taking her safely home again.

This, however, was more easily said than done; and when Twitters began to mend, her recovery, thanks to youth and a good constitution, was so rapid, and her desire to stay where she was and live down the blunders of that first day so ardent, that, considering the extreme difficulty of travelling in the then disturbed state of the country, Miss Curtis allowed herself to be persuaded to remain day after day, fancying with each new sunrise that she would see the capitulation of the city before it sank again to the west, and destined with every sunset to a fresh disappointment.

It was one chilly afternoon, about ten days after Twitters was about and well again, that five people might have been seen descending a stony path leading down the slope of Merci-le-haut.

They were very different in appearance from one another; a tall, brown-skinned, lusty peasant woman, with a six-months-old baby in her arms; a nun 'n blue serge and flapping cap; a young lady all in gray, with a red cross on her breast, and also wearing a rather nun-like appearance, save for the shine of golden hair rippling about her brow; and a sturdy, big-eyed little lad of seven, whom she was holding by the hand.

The two last mentioned women—Sister Gertrude and our Twitters,—for whom she had taken a great fancy—had been to the observatory, on the brow of the hill, to see whether they could discern anything of the sortie which, according to current rumors, Marshal Bazaine was intending to make on that day, and which the Prussians seemed to expect would be on a larger scale than any of the previous ones; and it was while on the summit that they had been joined by the peasant woman and her children, the former of whom accosted Sister Gertrude at once, begging her to come to their assistance, and informing her, between floods of tears, that their cottage in the village of Vaux had been burnt that morning by a small party of tipsy Uhlans, who had quarrelled with her husband for rashly avowing his French proclivities, dangerously wounded him, and beaten her brother till he lay senseless and covered with bruises at her feet.

"For God's sake, come with me, and see if you, who are so clever, cannot help my poor husband," cried the weeping woman. "My neighbors have all deserted their homes, my two elder children are lying sick of the fever which has decimated the place; lying in the roadway, see you, now they have no house; and even my poor husband and Pierre have no roof over their heads, and may die of their wounds without some one to attend to them. For the love of Heaven, hasten with me.

"Most willingly," said the good Sister, turning on the instant.

"By good fortune I am free for the moment, and can go with you.

"Sister Aimee" (so she called Twitters), "have you got my leather-bag? I shall do more good probably at the village of Vaux than in watching for this sortie which Marshal Bazaine does not seem to intend making after all."

Twitters took it for granted she was to go too, and gave her hand cheerfully to the tired-looking little boy to help him along. By herself she now never attempted to do anything. Her nerves were still too much shaken to allow her to trust to them for a moment; but to obey orders under Sister Gertrude, or any other good woman, was quite a different matter.

She had learnt a bitter lesson from her late humiliating experience, that acting on her own responsibility she was rather worse than useless; but nothing pleased her so much as to be made a messenger and handmaid by wiser and more skilful nurses; and in these capacities her quickness, sympathy, and zeal had brought her into very general request and helpfulness.

They were just commencing the descent of the hill now, when a shot rang out on the damp chilly air, and the peasant-woman, turning round, exclaimed:

"Look! what a black crowd."

A black crowd indeed! A sortie such as has never been seen since those far-back days of old, when the Roman virgins were sent forth from the city to implore pity from the victorious Coriolanus,—a sortie the last resource of a brave general, most ungratefully requited by a most ungrateful people, and who, unable to bear the sight of the crowd of starving wretches pent up within the walls—the herd of men, women, and children, all famishing with hunger, and all imploring him, night and day, to terminate their sufferings by the surrender of the city—had sent them out from the gates with a flag of truce, in the hope that their hollow cheeks, their wasted limbs and the gaunt wolf of hunger glaring from their sunken eyes, might move the pity of the conquering enemy, and induce him to allow these harmless foes to pass outside the lines investing the beleaguered city. A vain hope, indeed; for, like Coriolanus, the Red Prince knew only too well that the fall of the city which had so long held him at bay depended on the voice of that very hungry multitude within its walls, and that, were *they* allowed to go free, the gallant old marshal of France and his brave soldiers would gladely starve, like the rats on which they were now feeding, or blow themselves up in the ruins of the fortress, rather than surrender it into the hands of a foreign invader.

Too well, indeed, the shrewd soldier knew this; and the young English girl, standing on the hill-side, saw, without understanding what was taking place, the hapless multitude driven back to their prison of despair; saw their intrepid spokesman—a woman like herself, but a woman rendered fearless by famine—standing all alone, until, daunted at last by her solitary position and the bayonets bristling in her face, she too turned and followed her heart-broken companions back to the city, which was at once their refuge and their dungeon.

By this time our little group was almost at the bottom of the hill; and Sister Gertrude, stopping, said:

"Sister Aimee, should you be afraid to return to the camp alone? I do not know that you will be of use where I am going, and you can take a message to the reverend mother for me.

"Besides the Frau Curtees will be alarmed at you not returning. I promised her I would never take you away again without telling her."

"But, Sister, I hoped I could help you; I—"

"But, my child, I do not think you can."

"Am I so useless, then?" And the blue eyes of the mortified girl became dazzled with tears.

Sister Gertrude saw them, and laid her hand gently on her *protegee's* shoulder.

"Nay, not so, indeed; you are only young and inexperienced, while I, see you, have been twenty years a nurse to the sick; and even now sometimes I feel faint and terrified at what I see. You are a tender child, and ought not to have been taken from your house-fire."

"Yet, I was some good there," sighed Twitters bitterly, and for a moment she wondered with regretful shamefaced surprise what had ever induced her to rush into a position which she was totally unable to fill. But, alas! where else could she go now? Rex was at Gorseleigh, and while she loved him as she still felt she did, she could never look in his face again. Sister Gertrude reiterated her wishes more earnestly.

"It is a long way to Vaux," she said. "I may possibly be detained all night, and the Frau Curtees would be in an anguish for you. Here you are not a mile from our ambulance, and there is always work there for a dozen pair of hands in a thousand ways, which your willing little ones have already found out, as I know well. Go, my child, do not delay, and pull your hood well over your face. You are too pretty for the soldiers' eyes, good and steady as our men are in general."

Twitters blushed deeply. In truth she had never thought of her own fairness till Rex told her how fair she was in his eyes; and now she heard her beauty commented on on every side; sometimes, indeed, in a manner embarrassing enough to bring the hot blood to her very temples, and make her wish to creep behind the skirts of some strong matronly protector. With these feelings she began to grow rather nervous, when, after walking about a quarter of a mile, she heard the jingle of arms in front, and knew by the buzz of voices and tramp of many feet that a detachment of soldiers was just in front of her. They were coming to meet her too, and some in the van were laughing and joking in course rough voices which reached her ears, and made the girl shriek and slacken in her pace lest she should come up with and get entangled in their ranks.

Uncertain what to do, she paused, and glancing round hailed the sight of a gate opening out of the hedge into a deep narrow lane on the further side. She had never noticed the latter before, but it appeared to lead in much the same direction as the road, and had the advantage of looking solitary and retired. True, it might be more roundabout, it might even lead her a little out of her way, but at this moment the troops were close to the bend in the road which hid her from their view, and she herself could see the tips of their bayonets and the black eagle waving over their heads. Even if she stood still she would be in the midst of them in another moment, and, acting on the impulse of timidity, she turned, tried the gate, found it sunk too deeply in the clay to open, and climbing over it with a country girl's lightness and agility, plunged into the muddy lane on the other side.

It was the 25th of October, and a day unexampled for damp dreary gloominess. A leaden sky hung overhead, closing down on all sides like a gray funeral pall; while down in the valley a wet white mist clung round the lanes and hedges, and was broken now and then by a cold north wind bearing on it a small, sharp, driving rain which chilled our little girl through and through, and filled her with a dreary presentiment of evil, which she found it impossible to shake off; and far off, from the direction of Metz, came a dropping fire of musketry, scaring the last poor stragglers back to the shelter of the guns of St. Quentin; while now and then the sullen roar of cannon boomed out upon the heavy air.

But in the lane along which Twitters trudged all was as still and quiet as if no hostile armies were within a dozen miles.

The yellow leaves of the melancholy poplar tree met over head, and the rain drops pattered between them, and now and then a withered leaf floated off and fell, weighted with moisture, on the sticky soil, making a dank carpet of foliage underfoot.

On and on she walked now taking a turn to the right, and now to the left, according as the lane she was following branched in either direction, but ever wandering as she believed in the direction of the camp, until in continued stillness, the conviction gradually forced upon her that she must have walked at least a couple of miles, made her feel uneasy; and she was just deliberating what to do, when of a sudden she came in sight of an object which chilled her veins with horror.

At the junction of three cross lanes a Prussian cuirassier was hanging to a tree with his throat cut, his hands chopped off at the wrists, and his uniform lying in a little ensanguined heap at his feet.

For one moment Twitters stood as if frozen to the spot, gazing with wide affrighted eyes at the ghastly apparition.

Then she uttered one wild cry and fled—fled anywhere, she cared not in what direction so only that she could escape from a sight the sickening brutality of which had nearly turned her brain.

"Halt!"

It was a rough imperative voice of command which brought her at last to a sudden breathless stop.

She was at the outskirts of a ruined hamlet, and right in front of her stood a grim bearded fellow in a blouse, and carrying a rifle over his arm.

Twitters started back, and gazed at him in frightened bewilderment.

Where had she come? Where was the camp? And who was this strange, rough-looking peasant soldier, and those others, similarly accoutred, now creeping out of one or two of the dilapidated houses?

She had never seen any like them in the Prussian army, and the dialect in which

they spoke to one another, though strange and hard to follow, had undoubtedly a French accent.

One word repeated by several of them as they gathered round her, she clearly understood "a Prussian."

"No, no, English!" cried Twitters, becoming more alarmed as she noted the sinister expression on almost all of the dark hairy faces; but her reply only provoked an incredulous smile; and one of the men touched her shining yellow hair, which, loosened in her headlong flight, had fallen in a waving cascade over her shoulders, and grinned unpleasantly at his next neighbor.

Twitters did not like the look of this man at all. He had a heavy, sensual, lowering face, and small ferret eyes which seemed to look her over, and gloat on her as a cat might over a mouse.

Decidedly, the sooner, she got away from him and his party the better; and with this object she stepped back a pace, and with a faint colorless attempt at a smile, said in her best French:

"I have missed my way, friends. Can you tell me the nearest road to the camp?"

"The Prussian camp?" asked the one of the party who impressed her most disagreeably.

"Yes," the girl stammered faintly, feeling somehow that the admission was against her, but unable to make any other reply.

Again the men looked at one another, and the spokesman answered:

"Mademoiselle is three miles from the Prussian camp; much too far for her pretty little feet to walk."

"But I am not tired, and I must get there —quickly," cried Twitters' more alarmed by the compliment, and the look which accompanied it, than ever.

"I belong to the Geneva corps; you can see my cross.

"Do you not know us, the English nurses? Pray don't stop me. Pray, pray let me go. Even if you are French, you do not war with women."

"No; it is the Germans who do that," said one of the men. "Look here—here is a pretty sight! Truly we are to be lambs and the accursed Prussians wolves. What think you of that?"

Despite Twitters' great unwillingness, she had been half-led, half-pushed, to the door of a cottage, and now saw, lying on the floor, the body of a girl—a girl young and fair as herself—but dead, and with a rifle-bullet through her breast.

"It was a Prussian cuirassier did that, M'demoiselle," said the man sternly; "did it because she would not betray her father, a Franc-tireur like ourselves, in his hiding-place. Do know what has arrived to that Prussian cuirassier, the brave man?"

Twitters could understand him only too well; and turning suddenly from him to the oldest of the party, a sombre gray-bearded man, who had not spoken.

"Have mercy on me!" she cried, sinking and clasping his hard hand in the fervency of her appeal.

"You are old; you have had sisters, daughters, perhaps, of your own.

"Let me go. I am only a helpless girl. I would not betray you or do you any harm. I swear it solemnly.

"Ah if you believe in God, if you have a heart, show me my way and let me go!"

"Let the child go, Pierre," said the man roughly, but as if touched by the appeal. "See you, she is but a babe, and she belongs to the good Sisters of Charity. There is no harm in them."

"Nay if she is English, as she says," replied Pierre, "they are all heretics—Protestants, who revile our good sisters, and wear the cross only in mockery and as a disguise."

"Mademoiselle is not a Protestant, I am sure," said the elder man, "is she?"

He looked full at Twitters, and she, true as steel, though frightened nearly to death, answered clearly,

"Yes."

"See! as I told you," cried Pierre.

"The English are all heretics; and all Prussians in heart, or Germans, which is the same.

"They have a German Queen.

"Their princess is married to the son of the Emperor William.

"They are Germans. It is all one."

"Still she is a nurse for the sick, and has sworn not to betray us," said the other, while a low murmur from those around testified that the tears and beauty of Twitters were not without effect.

"See, then, I am not a stone," replied Pierre, with a coarse laugh.

"If you will, let her go; but first Mademoiselle shall give us each a kiss of gratitude, and then I myself will accompany her home.

"Am I not complaisant?" and looked round on his fellows with a grin, which was repeated on nearly every face.

The proposal was evidently pleasing to his audience.

Not so to the captive; and as the sense of it fell upon her ear she sprang like a deer on one side, and darting past her foes, fled down the village street with a speed which only desperation could have given her.

For one moment, poor child! she fancied she was free; and as she ran she shrieked frantically for aid.

Alas! only Pierre's voice replied.

Run as she may, no woman can outrun a man. She has neither the strength nor the practice; and so Twitters found.

In two minutes the Franc-tireur was at her side; in another he had caught her in his sinewy arms and held her panting, struggling, screaming, her lovely face flushed, her soft lips gasping apart, her eyes dazzled and distended with tears, her tiny hands striving to beat and tear and rend herself free, while he shouted:

"Come then, camarades! Six kisses a piece instead of one, to punish her. Ah! you deserve to be strangled for that run, but as you are so lovely I will only—"

Crack!

Even as the jeering words were being uttered they died upon his lips.

His arms dropped at his side. He sprang straight up into the air and fell like a log on the ground, while Twitters, stunned by the sudden report, dizzy and faint with terror and struggling, found herself lifted in two strong arms, and heard a voice, which sounded to her like an angel from heaven, say:

"Twitters! My own darling, my little love! Safe, safe! Thank God!"

Her senses seemed reeling; but she looked up, recognised Rex Wyndham's fair English face bending over her, felt his arms round her, saw a troop of blue-coated Prussians sweeping past, heard the crack, crack, crack, crack of rifles as they pursued the flying foe, and fell back in a long deadly swoon on her lover's breast.

CONCLUSION.

When Twitters recovered, which was not for a long while, not till she was safe in her own tent, with her head resting on Rex's shoulder, and both her hands clasped in his while Miss Curtis sat beside her, crying with mingled gratitude and agitation, her first idea was that she was dreaming, and that her lover would disappear as soon as she awoke; her next, that she had awakened, and that it was the past string of horrible events which formed the dream.

Indeed, her senses were so scattered that it was a long time before she could collect them sufficiently to understand what had happened, to inquire how it was that Rex had arrived so opportunely for her salvation while he, for his part, had such a long story to relate, and was so divided between his desire to tell it, and his still greater need of pitying and caressing his recovered darling (not to speak of the anxiety both he and Miss Curtis felt to hear *her story*), that it was a considerable time before any one understood anything clearly.

Gradually, however, and by degrees, Twitters did manage to gather the startling tidings that Rex and Miss Scott were parted, parted for good and all.

It seemed that the young man's suspicions had been raised, almost against his own will, by Adelaide's very peculiar language in reference to the man whom he had discovered to be hanging about the house making inquiries about her, and that those suspicions had been increased by the almost discourteous haste with which she and her brother set about making preparations for immediate departure.

Before they could carry these into effect, however, the individual who had occasioned them, and who seemed to have made himself acquainted with their design, made his appearance boldly at the Hall; thereby creating unbounded horror in the breasts of both Adelaide and her brother, who, as it appeared, had been for some while back enjoying the pleasing idea that he had departed from this world.

The lady, indeed might well feel overwhelmed at the sight of him; for not only palpably alive and in robust health, but he speedily produced certain papers proving him to be no other than the legal possessor of that hand which Rex was so soon expecting to be obliged to claim as his own, and Miss Scott not to be Miss Scott at all, but Mrs. Hiram Bolshover, in consequence of a private marriage contracted with the owner of that name some ten years previously.

Adelaide had soon tired of her fancy for him, especially when she found out that he was as poor as a rat, and quite unable to pay for the gratifications of somewhat expensive caprices in the way of dress and living; and he, being equally disgusted with her, had easily agreed to an arrangement by which, with the assistance of Captain Scott, a separation was concluded, and his permanent absence from his wife bought and paid for.

The money so laid out, however, had been expended long since, and Mr. Bolshover determined to run over from the States and try to extract an additional sum by a visit to his heartless spouse; and having found out, not only how she and her brother had been passing their time on the Continent, but that she was now on the verge of marriage with a wealthy young Englishman, he quietly resolved on keeping himself in the background until just before the ceremony, and then either putting on the screw for more money, or unmasking her before her intended and his family, as his judgment or fancy might dictate.

Having discovered that his presence was known, and being tolerably acquainted with the Scotts' cleverness, he had decided on the after course, and it need hardly be said that Sir Wyndham Wyndham lost no time in handing over to his arms both his bride and her brother, although the former went into very violent hysterics; while her brother made a great show of virtuous indignation, and attempted to treat the American as a scoundrel who had once tried ineffectually to entrap his innocent sister into marriage, and whom he had long believed to be dead and buried.

It was all to no effect, however, Rex indignantly declining to hold any further communication with a lady whom papers he held satisfactorily proved to be another man's wife, and who had deceived him from first to last; while Mrs. Wyndham Wyndham locked herself in her own rooms to avoid even seeing her daughter-in-law that was to have been; and the Baronet thundered out:

"Then if the marriage was illegal the sooner you prove it so the better; and all I've got to say is, that if you, Mr. What's-your-name, or your Jezebel of a wife, or that consummate swindler and blackguard your brother-in law, ever enter my grounds again, or attempt to annoy any member of my family on any pretence whatever, I'll have you prosecuted before the county court. Ay, sir, that I will. No fear!"

A threat which, though possibly futile, had the effect of inducing the unhallowed trio to leave Gorseleigh with all the speed and privacy the Wyndhams could have desired.

As Adelaide said to her brother when they were alone.

"The game's up, Bertie, and a public exposé will only ruin us and not hurt them. We had better quit."

And apparently Captain Scott was of the same opinion, for he gave in to it without any demur, and exerted himself so promptly to carry it out, that the couple departed by the very next train.

And Rex?

Well, I suppose it is needless to dilate on the gratitude he experienced at his unexpected release.

Nevertheless, after all that had occurred, and the comparative publicity of his engagement, he found it rather unpleasant to remain at Gorseleigh for the present, and, as the most agreeable mode of traveling in that autumn of trouble and excitement, he did like many others among our idle young men—donned the red cross, and, joining the Geneva corps, journeyed down by Sedan, Saarbruck, Bionville, and Strasbourg, seeing all there was to see, and a great deal more than he had ever dreamt of in the way of horrors and suffering, and lending a strong arm and a helping hand wherever it was needed.

At Strasbourg he learnt the astounding tidings that Miss Curtis and Twitters had been there, instead of being, as he believed, in Switzerland, where, indeed, only a sense of false shame and embarrassment had prevented his following them; but when he further discovered that they had actually gone on to Metz, where the war was still raging, he cast shame-facedness to the winds, and, abandoning everything else, followed with all speed in their track.

Arrived at the Prussian camp, he soon found out Miss Curtis, and, being sent by her in search of his little love, fell in with a detachment of soldiers bent on unearthing a party of Franc-tireurs who were supposed to have slain and brutally mutilated a Prussian cuirassier, and to be still ambushed in the neighborhood.

Rex joined them, partly for the excitement of the thing, and partly because they were going in the direction, and he was getting anxious at not meeting Twitters and Sister Gertrude.

He was positively with the detachment from whose approach the poor girl beat such a hasty retreat, little thinking that she was actually flying from the person dearest to her on earth; and—the rest we know.

How grateful both he and Twitters felt that he had arrived in time to rescue her, no tongue can tell; nor surely is it needed to do so.

Suffice it to add that the following day saw our three travellers on their way home amid the salvos of artillery and thundering cheers which proclaimed the fall of Metz and the triumphal entry of the German army into the city which had so long and bravely held out against them; thunders which shook the air for miles and made Twitter's heart flutter like a frightened bird as she clung to Rex's arm and whispered:

"Thank God it is over, and that you are with me. O Rex, I ought never to have come. No girl should, who is not fully trained and prepared for such a life. I was safe at home; but yesterday, if you had not come, where should I have been now?"

A question Rex could not even bear to contemplate nor could he feel perfectly at ease until his darling was again, as she said, safe at home in the dear old house where she had grown up, and with the three people who cared most for her in the world.

That was in the last week of October, and the beginning of the next year, I happened to be staying at Gorseleigh, and was told by Sir Wyndham Wyndham, with a broad grin on his wrinkled old face, that the young couple were to be married in the spring, unless something happened to delay it, or one of them changed their mind; an event which, considering their then painfully spoony condition, he did not consider at all likely. "By George, no, not in the least! No fear!"

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough, when a remedy safe and certain as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be so easily procured. Sore Throat and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879.
I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. Barnes.

Scientific and Useful

Cleaning Chimnies.—A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition.

Dynamite and Ice.—From the severity of the last winter in high latitudes, it is conjectured that the Atlantic will be much obstructed by floating icebergs. The employment of dynamite torpedoes is suggested as a means for breaking up the ice, in the case of a ship becoming imprisoned in a floe.

Electrical Stove.—An new idea in electricity is the electrical stove. It is to be fixed in the grill-room of an attached restaurant, so that visitors can partake of a chop or steak cooked by the electric current. This application of electricity is suggestive of enormous revolutions in the kitchens of the future, both as regards the use of coal and gas for cooking purposes.

Stains on Bricks.—Bricklayers make use of spirits of turpentine, also of vinegar, for the purpose of removing mortar stains from pressed brick fronts, the materials being carefully applied with a sponge or rag. Any acid applied in the above manner, in very dilute form, would answer the purpose. Vinegar being a very dilute acetic acid is probably as good a recipe as can be given.

Discovery in Seed.—An eminent scientist, in the examination under the microscope of some cotton seed, with a view to study the oil-cells, has hit upon a discovery which may to be of vast importance. He was anxious to find the effect upon the seed, of different agents which are usually destructive to organic life. Among these agents was sulphuric acid. This had the effect of freeing the seed from adherent cotton. The seed treated was then sown; when, curious to relate, it came up five days earlier than it would have done in the natural state. This discovery is important in more than one way. The stripped seed, freed from the cotton, can be sown by means of a drill; whereas, under the old conditions it was thrown broadcast on the ground.

Counting Apparatus.—It is sometimes necessary, for statistical and other purposes, to count the number of documents passing through the general post-office. That this would, without any mechanical aid, be a most tedious work, must be conceded, when it is remembered what an enormous number of letters pass daily through our postal system. Two kinds of stamps have just been patented which automatically record each document upon which they have been pressed. The first kind has in its handle an ordinary registering apparatus, such as is attached to steam-engines to record the number of revolutions made by the fly-wheel. At the end of a day's stamping, the handle would be unscrewed, so that the register might be read off. By the other plan, electricity is employed: the act of stamping causing an electrical contact, which operates upon a series of dials like those attached to gas meters.

Farm and Garden.

The Striking Point.—The point for striking an ox or cow to kill it is the intersection or crossing of lines drawn from the root of each horn to the opposite eye.

Bran as Food.—Bran is a very valuable food in a stable for reducing the inflammatory effect of oats and beans. Made into mashes it has a cooling and laxative effect, but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony secretions in the bowels of the horse.

Roots of Trees.—It is a common error that the roots of trees extend only as far from the trunk as the length of the branches; the truth is that they are usually longer on each side than the entire height of the tree. A tree thirty feet high forms a circle of roots more than sixty feet in diameter.

Treatment of Heifers.—It is an easy matter to train a heifer to stand quietly to be milked, but it is easier to train them to jump, kick, and run. The way to teach them to stand still is to require them always to do so. If there is naught to hinder a wild heifer from running, and if her fears prompt her to run, she can and will run. If she cannot run, in a short time she loses her fear and stands from habit; and habit is one of the most powerful influences in this world for either brute or man. If you want to transform a wild heifer into a well-behaved, well-trained cow, you must be patient. Never strike her.

Don't Worry the Bees.—The stings of bees were given them for the protection of their stores. They are not disposed to sting when not in danger, and every bee which does sting dies. Away from their own hive they rarely make an attack. The natural dread of stings deters many from keeping bees who would be glad to do so. In the use of modern hives the danger of being stung is lessened, as these give you facilities for subduing them. A bee with its honey sac full never stings. When you alarm a colony of bees, they all at once instinctively at once fill their sacs with honey, and after time has been allowed them to do this, the hive can be opened and examined with no danger from their anger.

The young man or woman who must forsake society because of mortifying freckles, tan, tetter, pimples and itching excoriations of the face, should use some of Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cleanses the scalp and is good for the toilet.

FLUTTERED WINGS.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The splendor of the kindling day,
The splendor of the setting sun,
These move my soul to wend its way,
  And leave done
With all we grasp and toil at, quest and say.

The paling roses of a cloud,
The fading hew that are [illegible]
These woo my fancy towards my shroud:
  Toward the place
Of faces veiled, and heads discrowned and bowed.

The nation of the awful stars,
The wandering star whose blaze is brief,
These make me beat against the bars
  Of my grief;
My tedious grief, twin to the life it mars.

O fretted heart tossed to and fro,
So fain to flee, so fain to rest!
All glories that are high or low
  Past or west,
Grow dim to those who art [illegible]

The Mother-in-Law.

BY CAROLINE [illegible].

GRACE HAZELTON was indeed a happy woman; she had been married but a few months to the man she loved; but perfect bliss is impossible in this world, and she was in a very thoughtful mood, for had not all her friends warned her against a mother-in-law? And her husband had just informed her that he would like his mother to share their home.

"It is true," he continued, "that she has all that she requires in a worldly sense; but she resides in a distant city among strangers; she is advanced in years, and I think she should be with her children. You are very young, dear Grace, and are motherless; and if you were to know my mother, I am sure you would love her."

But those very words hardened the young wife's heart; she was resolved not to love her mother-in-law, and was sure that she was a meddlesome old woman, who thought no girl good enough for her son Harry. And with woman-like inconsistency was sure that the few faults her husband possessed he inherited from his mother.

The door opened, and Mrs. Candid entered.

She greeted Grace by exclaiming: "Moping already, and only been married a few months! Have you had your first quarrel, or did Harry forget to kiss you good-bye?"

Mrs. Hazelton laughingly assured her friend that none of these misfortunes had occurred, and she was anticipating the arrival of a guest.

"Do tell me who it is?" cried her gushing friend. "Is it Harry's brother or one of his bachelor friends?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is—his mother."

"Horrors!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "You are going to live with your mother-in-law! I would never endure such affliction. I am older than you, so take my advice; do not give your consent to have her a permanent inmate in your house. But I have many more visits to pay."

And she left Grace Hazelton in no very suitable frame of mind.

Day after day she pondered on that dreaded arrival until she became quite low-spirited; and one morning she awoke and found herself so weak that she was obliged to keep her bed and consult the family physician, who declared that she was suffering from nervous prostration, and inquired if she had any trouble on her mind.

She answered, "None."

Her husband endeavored to cheer her by telling her that his mother was a good nurse, and that under her care his little wife would soon be quite well.

Innocent man! he little suspected that the only cause of her malady was the dreaded mother-in-law.

Grace was not so ill as to require the care of a professional nurse, and she was sure that among her numerous friends she would receive all the attention that was necessary.

She had been [illegible] many hours when she heard a tap on the door, and her most intimate friend, Mrs. Cushington, entered.

"My poor dear!" she exclaimed in loving tones. "Are you ill?"

The question was certainly unnecessary, as Grace's pale face spoke more eloquently than words.

"I was going to spend the afternoon with you but I am so sensitive that I cannot see anyone suffering, and the atmosphere of a sick-room always affects me unfavorably; so good-bye, my dear. I hope that you will soon be better."

A few more hours passed, and the invalid longed for a friendly voice to cheer her. At last Mrs. Lemon entered the room. Her countenance corresponded with her name. The sound of her voice was sharp and bitter as she exclaimed, "This will never do! You must not give way. I am sure that your illness is all imaginary. My son John's wife was always sickly, and when I came to live with them I told her to walk about, and work it off. When your mother-in-law comes I am sure that she will give you the same advice, for we both come from the good old-fashioned stock. But you look tired, so I will go."

Our young friend endeavored to forget her troubles in slumber, but thoughts of her mother-in-law banished sleep.

Harry Hazelton returned home and found his wife weeping [illegible]

"Oh, Harry," she cried, "I am so glad that you have come! I am so lonely, and I feel so ill!"

"Why, what is the matter, little woman?" he asked in cheering tones. "And all your friends desert you?"

"One or two called," she answered, "but they appeared in a hurry, and only stayed a few minutes. It has been such a long day, and I feel as if I were alone in the world. I have no mother—no kindred. I thought that I had friends, but now that I require their attention I discover that I have only [illegible]"

"My child," replied the husband, "it is only the way of the world. Selfishness is the nature of mankind. Get well, be able to entertain visitors, and your guests' visits will not be hurried."

The next morning the young wife awoke ill in mind as well as body. The long hours dragged along; no friend came to cheer the invalid, only polite messages of inquiry respecting her health.

She felt desolate and forsaken. Suddenly a faintness crept over her; her eyes closed, and she became unconscious. When she recovered she saw a sad, gentle face bending over her.

[illegible] old lady could not be a mother-in-law." She then heard the question, "Has the poor child no friend, that I find her so alone when she requires a woman's care?"

"Mother," was the reply in her husband's voice, "are you not old enough to know that the world is selfish?"

Then she realized that the dreaded mother-in-law had arrived. Presently she heard her husband say, quietly, "I will now leave you, and I am sure you will be able to take better care of Grace than I can, for I do not understand her sudden illness."

"My son," was the reply, "you should [illegible] life, not sudden her by unkindness."

The door closed, and they were alone. The old lady embraced her daughter-in-law and said in gentle tones, "My child, do not let over these foolish words of Harry's; men are not so sensitive as we are, and he did not intend to be unkind.

"Now tell me what has so prostrated you? You not only are ill, but are enduring mental anxiety. I do not think my boy can treat you harshly, for I always taught him that it was unmanly to be unkind to a woman. Confide in me, my child, and tell me the cause of your unhappiness."

The young wife's reply was to throw her arms around the speaker's neck and to [illegible] out these words: "Do not speak so kindly, for I must make a confession that [illegible]

"[illegible] I was very [illegible] to [illegible] ing one word: that word is [illegible] You dreaded my arrival, for you always regarded a mother-in-law in the light of a fiend and monster. And now we will change the subject, for you are too weak to talk. I have made you some jelly, and you must endeavor to eat it; then try and rest, and I will soon return."

A few hours later, and Mrs. Hazelton entered the room.

She gently approached the bed, and glanced at the young wife's pale cheek; she looked but a child as she slept.

She moved uneasily, and softly murmured, "Mother!" She was dreaming of the dead.

A tear fell on her upturned face.

She awoke, and for a moment [illegible] that her mother had come from heaven to watch over her child; but it was her mother-in-law who bent over her and shed the tear of sympathy, and it was on her mother-in-law's breast that she sobbed out her childish grief.

"Now, my dear," cried the old lady, "you must not become morbid; try and get up; I will dress you. I have set the table in the sitting-room, so we will surprise Harry when he comes home with company to dinner."

When the husband returned he was surprised at the wonderful recovery of his wife.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you must be a witch!"

But the daughter-in-law answered, "No, she is an angel. With noble forbearance she refused to hear the confession of my ignorant prejudice against her, but I must acknowledge my fault. Harry, my illness was caused by grief at the idea of receiving your dear mother."

"My child," replied Mrs. Hazelton, "do not reproach yourself. When I was your age I almost hated my husband's mother, and in after years we had many a laugh over our first meeting; and I learned to love my mother-in-law with true affection, for she was a noble woman.

Five years passed away. Grace Hazelton knew both joy and sorrow. She was a mother—death claimed her babe—she stood by its tiny coffin bowed down by grief.

It was the mother-in-law who shared her sorrow, and taught her resignation to her fate.

Now other little ones enliven her fireside, and it is the mother-in-law who shares her joy.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

New Publications.

"The Shakespeare Phrase Book," by John Bartlett, the author of the long famous "Familiar Quotations," is a book that can be commended to all lovers of the great poet, to scholars generally, and to the general reader. It is a concordance of all the lines of the bard which contain an important thought arranged in alphabetical order with reference to the play whence each is taken. Its most marked value will of course be in its furnishing a ready means of ascertaining the whereabouts of any desired line, but the plan adopted is such that it furnishes most pleasant reading apart from its practical features. We do not know that there is any similar work in the language, and its coming fills a long existing want in Shakespearian literature. A large list of all the disputed readings by the best authorities are also given. Splendidly bound in an octavo volume of over 1,000 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city.

[illegible] by David Ross Locke, [illegible] is a short and interesting [illegible], finely illustrated. [illegible] of a murderer, with an impressive [illegible] he tells his tale [illegible] well sustained [illegible] the [illegible] that have been displayed in these reports have also been closely followed in the more material parts of printing and binding. The cover, with title, is in embossed old gold [illegible]. As regards beauty of finish [illegible] order book could scarce be produced. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by J. McCauley, 1309 Chestnut St. Price, $1.50.

The fifth volume of the Silver Medal Series, by J. T. Trowbridge, is "The Pocket Rifle," just published. It is a lively story, in which two boys of different characters play leading parts filled with those natural episodes and adventures that make healthy moral reading for the young, not losing sight of the necessity of avoiding revolvers. These qualifications have been well kept in view, and we feel sure that no boy would fail to find the utmost pleasure in its perusal. A pocket rifle has an active, instructive, if not heroic role, and gives name to the volume. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1.25.

"Cross Patch and Other Stories Adapted from Mother Goose." This is a very entertaining book, for children, by the well known authoress, Susan Coolidge. The tales, and their manner of treatment are well calculated to please the young mind, and at the same time improve it. There is an air of life about the various incidents detailed, and the actions in them, that must bring responsive and pleasant echoes from youthful readers. Nicely printed, and illustrated with forty-four engravings. Bound in green and gold. Roberts Bros., Boston, publishers. For sale by Lippincott, this city. Price, $1 50.

[illegible] Tabby and Her Family," is the history of several generations of cats and kittens, told in a very fragrant and interesting style. The book has been written more particularly for the entertainment of children, and its many incidents, adventures, etc., in which the frisky animals play the leading parts, cannot fail to bring an inexhaustible source of pleasure to them. It is printed in pica type leaded, copiously illustrated with spirited pictures, and beautifully bound in green and gold. Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $1.25.

MAGAZINES.

Among the many excellent features of the November number of the popular *Wide Awake* for the young, which has recently been enlarged, is the Thanksgiving literature—a delightful story, "How the Little Stedmans had a Good Time," and a historical poem by Margaret J. Preston, "The First Thanksgiving, A. D. 1622." The pictures are numerous and beautiful. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Westminster Review for November contains the following, among other articles: The Irish Land Act; Political Memoirs. Philosophy of Aristotle; The Latest Bohemian Literature; The Copyright Question; Progress of Medicine; Dean Stanley; Woman's Rights; India; contemporary literature, etc., etc. Received from W. B. Zieber, this city.

NEW MUSIC.

Brainard's Musical World is a magazine we can commend to all interested in music. The November number, besides a lot of very interesting musical information, contains seven valuable pieces of instrumental and vocal music. Brainard Bros., Cleveland and Chicago, publishers.

WOMEN that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md., inventor and proprietor of the celebrated Celery and Chamomile Pills. These Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia, and will cure any case, no matter how obstinate, if properly used. They [illegible] for those special diseases, [illegible] opium, morphine, or quinine and are [illegible] nervous system, simply by [illegible] Hungry—yes, in [illegible] effect to take them two or three [illegible] as a nerve food, if for no other purpose.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 244 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST to [illegible] 244 West Lombard. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1, per package.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

One of the Reasonable Pleasures

[illegible] Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the food is eaten with relish, and most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LARGEST DRESS TRIMMINGS HOUSE 17, 19 and 21 North 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:—

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water.** Never use very hot water, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out, turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back into the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor long in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been set by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without soaking, or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Grains of Gold.

A good conscience can bear a great deal.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to Heaven.

He who throws out suspicions should be suspected himself.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

Duty looks more repelling at a distance than when fairly faced and met.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than any of them appear.

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

A rash man is liable to break out any moment, no matter how he may feel about it.

To be agreeable in society, it behooves one neither to see nor remember a good many things.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.

Affliction is a school or academy wherein the best scholars are prepared for the commencement day of the Deity.

Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in health with joyfulness.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

Sin always begins with pleasure, and ends with bitterness. It is like the colt that was very tame in front and very wild behind.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this—that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

It will generally be found those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among the worst and least pleasant samples.

It is our relation to circumstances that determines their influences upon us. The same wind that carries one vessel into port may blow another off shore.

"Truths," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot hinder their being offered; but we are not compelled to take them."

There never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

He is a great simpleton to imagine that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

The wish falls often warm upon my heart that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in Heaven.

If a man's word is not as good as his bond the best thing is to get on without either. If this can't be done, look well to the bond, and treat the word as though it had never been spoken.

The passions may be humored till they become our master, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

No man starts in his professional career wise, strong, and thoroughly fitted for his work. One must gain wisdom by experience, strength by exercise, and fitness by reiterated and at first often ineffectual endeavor.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration, and the other produces ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

There may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place, scene and fellowship; there must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing beneficence.

A friend of Socrates was once angry because, having spoken kindly to another, the other disdained to answer. "Why," said the sage, "you would not be angry if another had a less handsome body than your own; why then should you be so if he has a less beautiful soul?"

The highest exercise of human attribute is choice. Up to that moment man's power has lain latent; but then it is uncovered. Up to that time he has been as an ore without beam, but then he flashes into a sudden splendor. It is in choice that men become divine in manifestation of ability.

A Wonder to Herself and all Around Her.

A gentleman who procured Compound Oxygen for his wife says in one of his letters: "My wife is an different now from what she was when I wrote you, that she is a wonder to herself and all around her. I am well satisfied that had it not been for your remedy if she had lived to this time it would have been on the brink of the grave." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A thirteen-year-old girl plays the cornet in a band in New York.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting five minutes for his dinner.

"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tombstone of a lady.

"I love my wife," gushed Fenderson. "Next to your wife's husband," added Fogg.

Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath it.

There's a secret drawer in every heart, as there is in every desk, if we only know how to touch the spring of it.

There is no accounting for the taste of the fair sex for ornaments. Among the present fashionable devices are turtles and shrimps.

About 7,000,000,000 pins are made in the United Kingdom every year—just about enough to hold seven women's toilets in position.

A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent to take care of her estate, was overwhelmed with applicants. The printer made it "a gent."

Cross suits for damages have been instituted in Grand Rapids, Mich., by a woman because a dog bit her, and by the owner because she shot the dog.

If more women knew how to support husbands, there would be fewer old maids. Some of the happiest men out are supported by their better halves.

The man who is asked to guess at a lady's age, and doesn't guess several years less than he believes to be exact, is making an enemy, and doing truth no good.

The new Crown Princess of Sweden had a hundred pairs of gloves among her paraphernalia, and it is pityingly observed that the number was six and three-quarters.

"She was a daisy," but she put her little French-heeled shoe on a banana-peel, and in a flash she was transferred into a lady-slipper, and then arose blushing like a peony.

Economy is wealth. A lady of this city who found a baby in a basket on her door-step, took the infant to the station-house, but saved the basket to carry home her marketing.

All bachelors would like to shake hands with the man named Morse, who recently got married, and four weeks later applied to the Legislature and had his name changed to Re-Morse.

A young lady, who recently gave a milliner an order for a new bonnet, said, "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a very conspicuous place in church."

Some of the girls of the period, it is said, are parting their hair on one side. They do this because they do not wish to look like the soft young men who part their hair in the middle.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is better versed in American literature than many English ladies, Longfellow ranking among her favorite poets, and Hawthorne among her best-loved romance writers.

"Mr. Engineer, is your boiler safe?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am—we never had a boiler explode under six weeks' use, and this here one hasn't been in but a little over a month."

A servant girl was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said, "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it! We used them things to light the gas with."

An extreme agony is for a young lady to add to her toilet a large sunflower at her belt. The occult signification of this is, "I always turn toward the sun—of some rich man." Isn't there a touch of the intense about this?

A famous French writer made one remarkable verse in his life—a verse grand as the universe, profound as the sea, a verse that deserves to traverse the ages: "Nothing is more beautiful than another man's wedding."

We overheard one young lady remark to another in a horse-car the other day that "it isn't any fun to go out after leaves and ferns, without you have a young man to keep away the briars and bring home the things." Sensible girls!

When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says, "Oh, how deliciously sweet! Its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room!" A Chicago girl simply says, "It smells scrumptious! Thanks, Reuben."

With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang: "Call me your darling again." But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach of promise suit these days.

"Use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife," said Lord Burleigh to his son, "for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil, and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once."

The will of Henry F. Durant, of Boston, covering property valued at $1,500,000, provides that on the death of his wife Wellesley College shall receive the entire estate, his intention being to create a university for the higher education of women.

"As for me," said Madam Z., whose husband is a member of the French Senate, "I always do my shopping when the Senate is discussing the Appropriation bill. Then, you see, my husband is accustomed to such large figures that my bills look small to him."

The father of a prominent lady in Washington society who is having a little difficulty with her husband, testified in court the other day, that previous to accepting this man she had refused twenty-five offers of matrimony. This the father deemed strong testimony in her favor.

The young women of a Sunday school in Edgefield, Tenn., have organized for missionary work upon certain young men of the place, and will call around at their residences Sunday mornings and take them to church. Those young men must indeed be hardened wretches if they refuse to go to church under such enticing auspices.

News Notes.

Gambetta boasts that he never goes into a place of worship.

Cadet Whittaker has organized a concert troupe of colored singers.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, sets the fashion for gloves.

A Chinese resident of Chicago is earning his living as a photographer.

It is said there are only 100 Modoc Indians left, and they are engaged in farming.

Washington was the richest President we ever had. He left an estate of $500,000.

The late President's portrait will be placed on the five-cent foreign postage stamp.

It is said that the Mormons have not one convert from Ireland. This scores one for the Green Isle.

In Wisconsin the raising of wolves for the scalp bounty is one of the regular industries of the State.

Edison has taken out 144 patents concerning the electric light—and yet we are waiting for the light.

A small boy was sentenced to jail at Chattanooga, Ga., "for one hour for stealing a dime novel."

The pawnbrokers of Great Britain, 4,372 in number, take in during a year over 200,000,000 of pledges.

A States prison convict has invented an apparatus for "tipping hats" that brings him a royalty of $3 a dozen.

An unsuccessful effort has been made to abolish morning prayers at Harvard—a custom nearly 250 years old.

In Vienna a person has to obtain a permit before presenting a bouquet to a singer or an actor on the stage.

King Alfonso contemplates an early visit to England to thank Queen Victoria in person for her gift of the garter.

In October 39,000 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden. The total number for the year up to Oct. 21 was 330,120.

Texarkana, Ark., compromises by making saloon keepers pay an extra license fee for keeping open on Sundays.

The Englishmen retain their love for rabbits. In week, recently, a London firm imported forty-five tons of them.

Skull worship is carried on in some islands of the Pacific Ocean. The skulls of celebrated men are deposited in the temples.

Twenty Leavenworth young men have started a co-operative boarding-house, and expect to live like princes for $3 a week.

There are 13,000 cows in the United States. This is more than are kept by any nation of Europe, Germany having the nearest.

A brain preserved and metalized by the galvanoplastic method, has been lately presented to the French Academy of Medicine.

Sheep cheese is very popular in Austria, and an enterprising Austrian has started a sheep dairy near Chattanooga with 1,000 head.

The Prince of Sweden and Norway received seven horses as a wedding present from his new wife's grandpa, the Emperor of Germany.

At Needesha, Minn., Albert Grant was playing with a Newfoundland dog and dragging it by the tail, when it jumped into a pond, pulling him in, and he was drowned.

A seventeen-ton steam-hammer, the largest in the United States, was recently put in position at Pittsburg. It strikes a blow of 90 tons on an anvil-block weighing 160 tons.

It is said that there are 11,825 cattle killed in the United States annually, the meats from which amount to 4,068,320,000 pounds, and their total value when killed for food is $208,320,000.

At the exhibition in Paris it was shown that flowers will bloom beneath the electric light, and electric lamps were displayed where the illuminating rays were shed from small baskets of growing roses.

The Superintendent of the Census Bureau says that notwithstanding the large production of coal in this country, the use of wood for fuel is greatly in excess of coal, the ratio being about four to one.

An English paper remarks that American cheese is coming into the market in very great quantities, from 30,000 to 40,000 cheeses having been landed in Glasgow every week during the past two or three months.

During a storm in Vermont, in 1880, the lightning struck a horse in pasture, burning off his hair or pulling it out, cutting a hole two inches long in his head, and throwing off his shoes. The horse recovered.

One of the novelties introduced by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at his villa in Newport, is owls standing on the gate-posts. They are of bronze, and their eyes at night serve as gas-burners, giving an effect not easily described.

A Pittsburg manufacturer of the article proposes making buildings of glass—in the form of bricks. He says that the cost would be little more than that of cut granite, and that by the use of colors some fine effects could be got.

A boarding-house at Floyd, Ind., is kept wholly for the accommodation of persons temporarily residing there for the purpose of obtaining divorces. It now has 29 inmates. Several marriages have grown out of companionship in this house.

One Voice

all over the land goes up from mothers, that says: "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly and cheerful.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from inherited diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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We repeat that the reader will consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
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Humorous.

A pair of scissors were found in an ox just killed in this state, and it is feared the ox has made food of some great editor.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady a razor neatly inclosed in a silk-lined case, and flashily labeled "butter-knife."

"Farewell" was the title of a poem sent to a newspaper; and the cruel editor, in acknowledging its receipt, said, "It is a good thing that the gifted authoress bade it good-bye, as she will never see it again."

A dissolute youth called a pawnbroker out of bed at three in the morning. When the worthy man put his head out of the window, the young fellow yelled, "I say, uncle, tell us the time; you've got my watch!"

A wag, in allusion to the heavy arm of the law as shown in the punishment of fighters, was the author of the following conundrum: "If a man bites off another's nose, what will the magistrate compel him to do? Answer—Keep the peace."

Eminent Physicians

are prescribing that tried and true remedy, Kidney-Wort, for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts, and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort, and you will feel like a new creature.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 33 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

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When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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Restores gray hair to its natural color in three or four applications, without staining the skin or soiling the finest linen; removes dandruff and itching of the scalp; stops the hair from falling out. Manufactured by C. C. HIGGINS, Druggist, 911 and RACE Sts., Phila. 75cts. large bottle. Sold by druggists. Mention THE POST.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?
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Use **KIDNEY-WORT** *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form,** in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated,** for those that cannot readily prepare it. **☞** It acts with equal efficiency in either form. **GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00**

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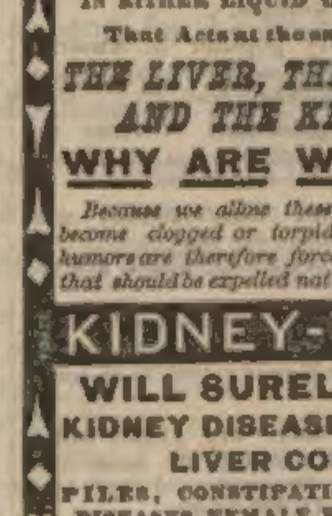

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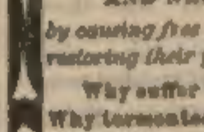

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IT PAYS to sell our Hand-Printing Rubber Stamps Circulars free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O

Facetiæ.

Money often leads men astray. Some of them will run after a dollar; but a hound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a scent.

Coleridge says that he once knew a man who had advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking off his hat.

Never despise an old friend because he happens to have grown rich. Go to him, take him aside, tell him gently of his faults, and ask him to lend you $10.

St. Louis wants to be considered a musical centre. It won't be long till we shall hear that Chicago will want to be considered a religious centre. What next?

"Madame," remarked a testy old gentleman to a lady who rustled past him in a prodigious silk dress—"madame you make a great deal of bustle in this world."

"Were you ever in any engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a great militiaman. "Yes, one," replied that Son of Mars, "but she went back on me."

He was a green dry-goods clerk, and when the lady asked him if the calico would wash, he answered, "No, ma'am; when it becomes soiled you've got to wash it."

A Canadian paper says that Canadian girls make better wives than any to be found on this side of the border. Let 'em come over, then, and get the husbands worthy of them.

Conversation in a theatre lobby between a young man and an elderly guest: Young Man—"I must have seen you somewhere, sir?" Elderly Gent—"Very likely—I'm a pawnbroker."

A Baltimore paper lately gave a pathetic description of the suicide of a woman, in which it is told that "she ended her virtuous life in the cool retreat afforded by a convenient and umbrageous well."

It is announced that baldness can be cured by skin-grafting, but by married men the assertion is regarded as mere balderdash. They say the only sure cure lies in the amputation of the arms of the female.

"Are you any relation to my sister?" He blushed and stammered until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying, "No, but he'd like to be—wouldn't you, Fred?" Cards will soon be out.

Ninety-nine years in prison appears to be the sentence for stage-robbing in Texas. It is a wonder they did not make it the exact hundred. One year should make very little difference in a trifling matter of this kind.

When a Deadwood deacon gets angry over a game of poker, and drops his opponent with a pistol, he is not allowed to escape. A meeting of the congregation is held, and in nine cases out of ten he is censured for being so impulsive.

It was Saturday night in Leadville. Six rough miners were playing poker. But as the clock struck the hour of 12, proclaiming that the Lord's day had come, with one accord they threw down the cards and left the saloon. They went across the street to see a dog-fight.

Skiggins had an altercation with a man, called him a liar, and was promptly knocked down. Now he says he'll be more careful how he talks to folks, and in future before he calls a man a liar he'll always ask him if he's telling the truth or not, and take his word for it.

A health journal says "an attack of hiccoughs may be stopped by holding the head under water." It doesn't say how long the head should be held under water, but we think about two hours would be plenty long enough to stop the worst case of hiccoughs ever invented.

The Power of the Press.

In no way is the power of the press more surely shown than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year been diffused throughout the millions of people, of the wonderful curative properties of that splendid remedy, Kidney-Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and knowledge of what is in the papers by already making Kidney-Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—Herald.

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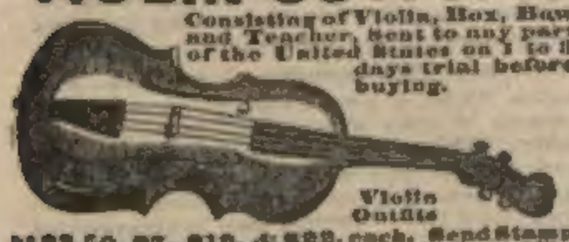

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AMONG the latest novelties in rich materials are ombre satin and velvet in such mixtures as olive and red, violet and blue; also new broche velvet which has the broche in satin, the ground in velvet; the pattern indented instead of in relief as heretofore. This is used alike for trimming and for the principal portions of a dress, mixed with plain velvet and with satin. Corduroy plush is also new, and is made up into coats, to be worn with plain cashmere skirts. Faisan, or speckled plush, borders many of the tunics, and is frequently "shot" or changeable. Cable plush has a thick rib, more upstanding, and this is employed in millinery as well as for dresses; the ridged plush, which has a looser nap and falls according to how it is made up, is almost entirely used for mantles. Watered silks appear in every shade—myrtle, navy, and brown, pale cream, lichen, bronze, etc.

The revival of moire is now a certainty, and not only are entire dresses made of it, but it is used blended with almost all materials. Plain Lyons velvet is to be much worn this winter, the leading colors being dahlia, heliotrope, myrtle-green, seal-brown, navy, and the bright Alexandra blue. Some pretty, simply made walking dresses of this material, have a plaited flounce at the edge, the velvet fulled on to a silk lining above it, and a long basque jacket bodice. Another pretty dress of myrtle-green is made in watered silk and plush, with feather bordering. Window-curtain panier-tunics are the most decided fashion, and in Paris pads are worn on the hips, the better to keep them out. Another distinctive fashion are the Bayadere striped flounces, both in velvet and satin, mostly applied up the back of the skirt, with a draped tunic in front. Some of the most beautiful of the flounced materials are narrow black velvet brocades, the designs having a lace-like effect.

Dresses are made either in the Directoire, Camargo, or Louis Quinze style. In a word, almost any kind of dress may be adopted, provided it is really of some determined style and its *tout ensemble* is not marred by some inharmonious detail. Velvet (plain silk velvet) is very fashionably combined with watered or damasse silks, or with plain satin.

There is much variety in the shape of bodices; they are very much gathered, or plain, deeply pointed or with basques, finished with deep, round gathered collars, or ruches, or plain facings. Indeed every style is almost equally adopted. We see bodices with enormously long waists, and others excessively short-waisted with sashes so wide that they might answer for scarfs. The plain bodice of the same material as the dress is also in great favor; it is laced or buttoned either in front or at the back, according to taste; and we may expect to see it this winter for evening dresses, made low and laced behind, peaked in front and at the back, as was the fashion some twenty years ago. Nor will it be made of the material of the dress only; we shall see it of velvet, of brocade silk, or of silk embroidered with jet or chenille.

At present it is also made of cashmere, piped with some contrasting color, with points in front, and finished behind with two loops, forming a sort of postillon basque. The neck is finished with a small shirred collar put on close round. The tight sleeves have gathered epaulettes to match, and are buttoned at the wrist.

Moire, as already hinted, is going to reign supreme in this winter's fashions. Not only moire pur et simple, but moire and velvet, or satin or faille.

Some of the woollen materials are very pretty; soft thin cloths, in every shade, peacock blue, plum color, fawn, mouse, and silver grey, sometimes trimmed with rich plush to match. Plush continues to be very fashionable, and is made in many shades, the dark colors being specially rich and beautiful,—such as the rich grenat, sheeny peacock blue, crimson, and a delicate soft shade of myrtle green.

The new woollens for winter costumes are mostly self-colored, but not of plain tissues. They are in tiny patterns, either basket-work or armor, and mostly in dark shades of green, and reddish browns.

One of the new models lately shown has the skirt pleated in wide flat pleats, reaching above the knees in front, the heading being concealed by a scarf of the material pleated across; this scarf also conceals the edge of the basque-bodice. It is finished at the back by a bow and short wide lappets of the material. Below this the back width forms two or three overhanging puffs, and the skirt is finished by a pleated flounce; coat-sleeves with gauged facings. The bodice is completed by a short cape, fully gauged round the neck, with narrow fluted heading. This cape may be put off and on at pleasure; it can be worn as a sort of small extra mantle as long as the weather permits.

Another model, also very fashionable has the basque-bodice buttoned down to a few inches below the waist-line. Ganged panlers are applied on to the edge of the basque, rounded off on each side, and lose themselves under the loose puff which forms the tournure at the back. The skirt is either pleated all the way down in front or trimmed with flounces either pleated or gathered.

A simple walking-costume is of limousine, striped beige, and dark brick-red. The round skirt is kilted all the way down. The second skirt is very much draped at the back; in front it is crossed slantwise and looped up on one side.

It has no trimming beyond several rows of stitching in thick dark red silk. Jacket-bodice with plain basque open in the middle of the back and the opening filled up with a pleated gore; in front it is quite plain, remaining slightly open at the bottom and edged round with stitching. A small round pelerine, with collar and revers stitched all round and fastened in front with a bow of dark red ribbon, can be put on and off at pleasure. Tight sleeves, with rows of stitching round the wrist. Small round buttons of red are placed down the front and down each side of the pleated gore at the back; also upon the sleeves and small square pocket-flaps.

Another elegant dress is of garnet-red cashmere and gros-grain silk. The cashmere dress, three-quarters long, is pleated all the way down. A scarf-tunic of gros-grain silk is very much draped at the back; a large bow of the silk, without any lapels, is placed at the waist-line behind. Long-waisted bodice of cashmere, with the basques concealed under the drapery; long sleeves of cashmere, with silk facings, finished with a bow; short pelerine, with a long bow and ends drooping at the back.

A very pretty dressing-gown of pale blue cashmere, had fine pale blue and white Russian lace arranged on it in cascades, with blue satin bows. A cream flannel bath dressing gown was trimmed with flowered flannel, small pink roses and leaves on a cream ground. Some white muslin matinees were profusely trimmed with cream lace, and made with gathered back and two deep flounces, ornamented with very pale blue and pink bows.

Those who affect esthetic dressing are carrying old-fashioned reticule bags or wear them fastened at the side. Some are not only quaint, but pretty. For example, one made of claret and grass-green satin, but in a double square, so that when folded in half it formed two square pockets; it has large satin bows of the two colors at every corner, and large steel rings, in the middle of which it is fastened to the side. With muslin dresses for evening wear, the white muslin bags painted and lined with colored silk, and worn suspended at the side, are a pretty fashion.

One of the new forms of bonnet is drawn, and not made up on any foundation, having a large upstanding front like a calèche. Large cut beads, each the size of a bullet, are sewn along the edges of many bonnets, and all the shot and other variety of plushes play their part. Strings are universally worn, and there is much that is new in ribbon. First and foremost comes moire, and all the amalgamations of the same, some having a brocade thrown upon it, some being applied as stripes with velvet satin and plush. Shaded ribbons are going out, but not the reversible, and now these are often shot on one side, and plain on the other. Four inches is the width most used. The mixture of tones in one ribbon is very decided—red, green, and gold, for example. Some of the hats are enormous, and have ostrich feathers carried inside and outside.

Fireside Chat.

DOMESTIC UPHOLSTERY.

GIRLS are daily learning more and more thoroughly the use of their hands and brains, and, this knowledge gained, another point is soon reached, namely, that any work well done is worth its price.

Hence ladies do not scruple to take money for their painting, work, &c., and girls are learning more fully than they did of old, that the necessity for work does not lower the worker.

Still, there is much to learn. Girls think it no shame to their gentility to go out and fight the battle of life on their own account, but they, many of them, scorn the work to be found nearer home, which must be done if things are to go on comfortably at home. In many families there is no necessity for the girls to earn their own living, at least to leave the home circle for the purpose; but if they would use the talents they have for the benefit of their own families they, if not actually earning money, yet might save it (and, according to the old saw "a penny saved is a penny gained"); and, by taking into their hands some of the light work and odd jobs always to be found about a house, could reduce the number of servants and at the same time leave a larger margin for any little unforeseen wants or pleasure; in fact, might make just the difference between struggling and comfort, and save much of the friction almost unavoidable in a household where economy and appearances must both be studied.

It is wonderful how much must be done at home by willing hands and clever brains.

The present style of furniture offers plenty of scope for amateur taste and work. Still it is not given to everyone to start with a new house, and the power of buying new furniture.

Many people, willing and anxious to have bright, dainty surroundings (by the way, brightness is hardly the great characteristic of the present taste) cannot afford to dismiss the solid, ungainly old furniture that came to them with the house, and is far too good to get rid of, and yet too utterly out of date to be saleable at anything like a fair price.

The famous "drawing room suite," covered in rep or broche, of some, to modern taste, excruciating shade of green or magenta, which was once all but universal, is fast dying out.

Enough specimens still remain to harass unlucky owners, who are gradually awaking to a taste for less decided colors.

The things are good, nay, even handsome of their kind, but oh! that covering, which no amount of sun, to be got in our climate at all events, can apparently fade to any less trying shade.

Your walls, fresh papered or painted, may be perfect.

You may have stretched a point, and allowed the Brussels drawing-room carpet, with its astounding bouquets, to be superseded by Persian or Indian rugs and stained floor; but you know quite well it is hopeless to think of that furniture.

Few good upholsterers care to be at the bother of re-covering old furniture, unless antique enough to be a curiosity.

They frankly tell you it will cost almost as much as new, and certainly make good their words.

What then can be done? The answer is simple. Do it yourself. It may sound alarming to speak of re-covering with your own hands those chairs, sofa, &c.; but honestly, the sound is the worst of it.

Begin at first modestly with a separate chair, and try your hand at covering it with some cheap material, so that, even if you fail, the result will not be disastrous.

Proceed as follows:

Over the cushion of your chair pin a piece of thin, tough paper, and cut out an exact pattern, carefully marking all the plaits and little nicks required to make the cover lie smooth and even—the great secret in this work. Lay this pattern on your material, and cut the latter out exactly by it, making all the required plaits and nicks. Then strip off carefully the gimp binding of the chair you intend operating on, brush the cushion thoroughly and remove any stain, with benzine, or your may chance to see your old enemy reappear through the new cover. The chair, thus prepared, pin on your new cover, taking care to get it to sit quite evenly everywhere before pinning it. This done, nail it on carefully with tiny furniture taks, made for the purpose, and finish it all off with a gimp, or a band of the same material, stretched firmly all round to hide the rough edges.

If the seat is buttoned down instead of being quite plain, your task is a little more troublesome and must be done in one or other of the following ways: Take the buttons off; fasten the cover, which must be cut a little larger, rather loosely on; then with a long thin packing needle and some strong twine sew in the buttons, covered to match the seat, from the back. The second way is the neatest, if the buttons are fixed on firmly enough. Lay your stuff over the seat of the chair, pin it lightly into position; then with strong thread, of the proper color pass your needle round the button catching the new cloth, and so cover the button as it stands, wind the thread round the cloth tightly three or four times, and fasten. Repeat this process for each button and then fit your cover on as before.

This is the whole mystery of covering furniture; and if you will only be really careful with your pattern, and in fixing on your material smoothly and neatly, your work is sure to be a success. After all, why should you not succeed? Who does the work for the upholsterer? A woman; and what one woman can do another may. She may have a little more experience and training, but as against that you have more time and greater inclination to take trouble. From sixteen to eighteen yards of material of ordinary (not narrow) width will cover a small suite.

A very little practice will make you wonderfully handy at this work, and you will be astonished to find what pretty useful pieces of furniture you may make out of old ones by help of a little pretty crewel or applique work, and a yard or two of velveteen or plush. For example, take an old rocking or lounge chair, which has seen service, and of which, though the frame may be good, the varnish and the canework are decidedly *passe*. Cut away the canework, leaving the holes round the frame quite clear; have this frame thoroughly scrubbed with hot water and soda, and when dry cover it all carefully with a covering of Berlin black. Next day polish this with a clean, hard, blacklead brush. If you touch it up with a few lines of gold paint, the effect on the ebonized surface by rubbing up the Berlin black will be really good.

Correspondence.

C. McM., (Oneida, N. Y.)—The matter is one about which you should consult a lawyer.

C. & J., (Washington, N. J.)—There is a violet colored ink extensively used for copying purposes.

A. A. F., (Winchester, Mass.)—We believe that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a Congregationalist.

Mrs. T. N. J., (Norwalk, Mo.)—They are a reliable firm. 2. We know nothing of the journal in question.

Lotta, (Missouri.)—If the breaking of the engagement is intended to be permanent, the engagement ring had better be returned.

L. A. P., (Groton.)—The assassin himself—who certainly ought to know if anybody should—pronounces the name as though spelled "Gi-to."

Poultryman, (Doylestown, Pa.)—Combs and wattles of fowls may be prevented from freezing by oiling them so as to prevent their getting wet.

Western, (St. Louis, Mo.)—1. In California. 2. In Nevada. 3. Yes. There is no preparation we know of that will certainly do it. There are some advertised, which you might try.

L., (Mount Carmel, Ill.)—Don Quixote is pronounced as though spelled "don-key-ho-te." Les Miserables "lah-mis-er-ah-ble;" accent on "ah" and giving it the sound of "a" in "arm."

Mrs. J. M., (Manchester, Tenn.)—Worcester's Dictionary is the authority we give in the case, and it pronounces the word "Co-la-ra-da," the accent on the "ra," and giving the "a" the sound as in "far."

Don Quixote, (Stafford C. H.)—There are very few collectors of gold coin. The premium on those issued previous to 1830 is about 15 cents. 2. E. Mason, Jr., Numismatist, 24 N. Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. R., (West Chester, Pa.)—We do not know the book, and consequently are unacquainted with the characters you mention. 2. There is a sewing needle factory on Pigeon Run, Charlestown township, Chester county, Pa. It is a branch of Smith's, Redditch, England.

Subscriber, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—We regret to say that if several doctors could not inform you the cause of, or a cure for, your timidity, it is surely not in our power to do so. Consult a good physician who makes a specialty of nervous complaints, and if he can do nothing for you there is no recourse that we can see left.

Subscriber, (San Francisco, Cal.)—About the matter speak to a physician. 2. You are not bound to say anything of it. It is a delicate matter either way, and we do not care to speak decidedly. Still, in your position, we should let him know nothing concerning it. Good may come in this way, while in the other the possibility of trouble seems much greater.

D. and T., (Hartford, Mich.)—In order to have soft, white hands, it is required that they should be protected from severe cold, particularly if not quite dry, as that will make them chap. They must be protected, too, if necessity requires any work from them which will rub the skin or soil very much. A powder for whitening the hands is made of white castile soap, powdered, 4 ounces; cuttlefish-bone, 4 ounces; bleached almonds, 2 ounces; orris-root, 2 ounces; oil of cloves, ½ drachm; oil of lavender, 1 drachm. Used as a soap-powder.

Maud, (Westport, Mo.)—We would look upon it as a sign of respect—not necessarily the greatest sign of respect—if the young man should introduce you to his relatives. Again it might happen if he did not do so it would be an honorable act. All would depend upon circumstances. 2. Seventeen is not too young to become an actress. As to your desire let it stop there. Acting is a trade at which you must serve your time, and looks much more attractive to an outsider than it really is. Still, if genius is working at you, as you believe, there are in the larger cities institutions where persons are prepared for the profession.

Anxious, (Fisher, Ill.)—We believe you mistake the strength of the young lady's feeling. She may think a great deal of you and yet not love you. Perhaps, in her opinion, answering your notes under the circumstances would amount to an expression of affection, or she might not have received them. If she did get them, and socially treats you as a friend, it seems a somewhat unladylike act, not to have answered one way or the other. Your best course is to cease writing, and when you next meet make inquiry about the note business, and why she did not notice them, if received. 2. Dr. Kane, we believe, in the year 1856 or '58. 3. We do not know which is the best business college in the United States.

Pansey, (Shrewsbury, Iowa.)—1. The question "What is love?" was asked thousands and thousands of years since and is still awaiting an answer. When it comes to you, however, you will know what it is much better than anyone could explain it to you. 2. We know of no better method to gain a young man's affection than by always acting the true woman. You cannot tell him in so many words that you are fond of him until he first speaks on the subject, but there are a thousand little ways in which you may show a preference for him without either compromising yourself, or overstepping the bounds of propriety. If these do not suggest themselves to you, we can hardly do it. 3. There is such a thing as love at first sight. It may not be very deep or lasting, but if, on acquaintance, the good impression made through the eyes be strengthened through the heart, we may consider it certainly a case of love at first sight.

P. P., (Gaffney, S. C.)—We think very little of a young lady smiling at a young man during service in church. It is irreverent and consequently out of place. That you have not been introduced to her only makes the matter worse, and shows she is a person to make a good stranger. Neither send a card, call, nor write. If you are particularly impressed, and could get a proper introduction, you might do so, though we would advise against it. We do not wish to be too severe, but a girl who can laugh and flirt with an entire stranger during religious services is lacking not only in womanhood, but common sense. 2. See latter part of answer to "L." 3. If some cause arises to separate a young couple, it is perfectly natural and common that they come together again. This, however, presupposes that they liked each other. If you mean, should persons who have grown tired once keep company again in the hope that Cupid might bless them with his society, we say decidedly not. If love is to come it will do so without coaxing.